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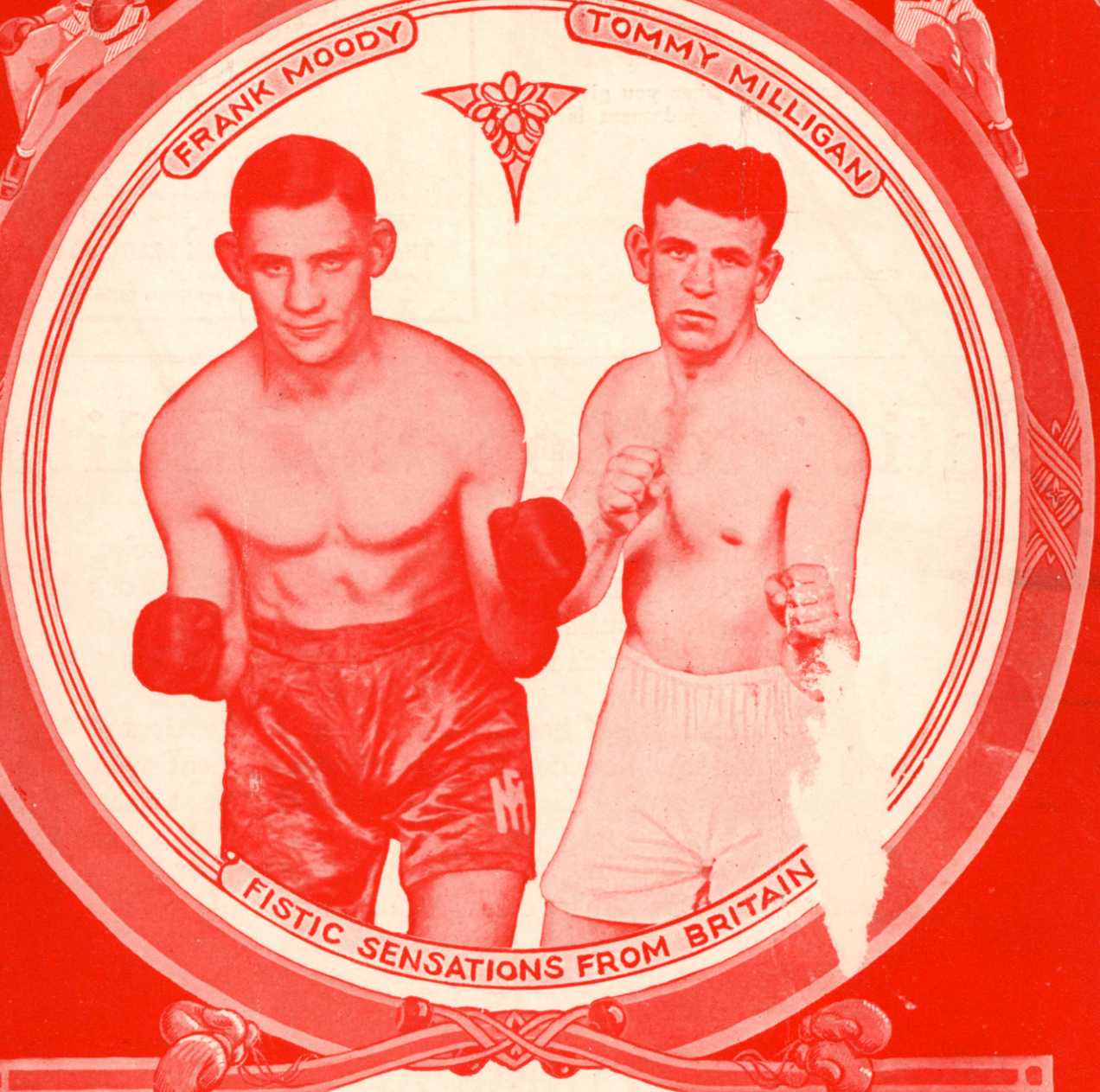

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DECEMBER, 1925

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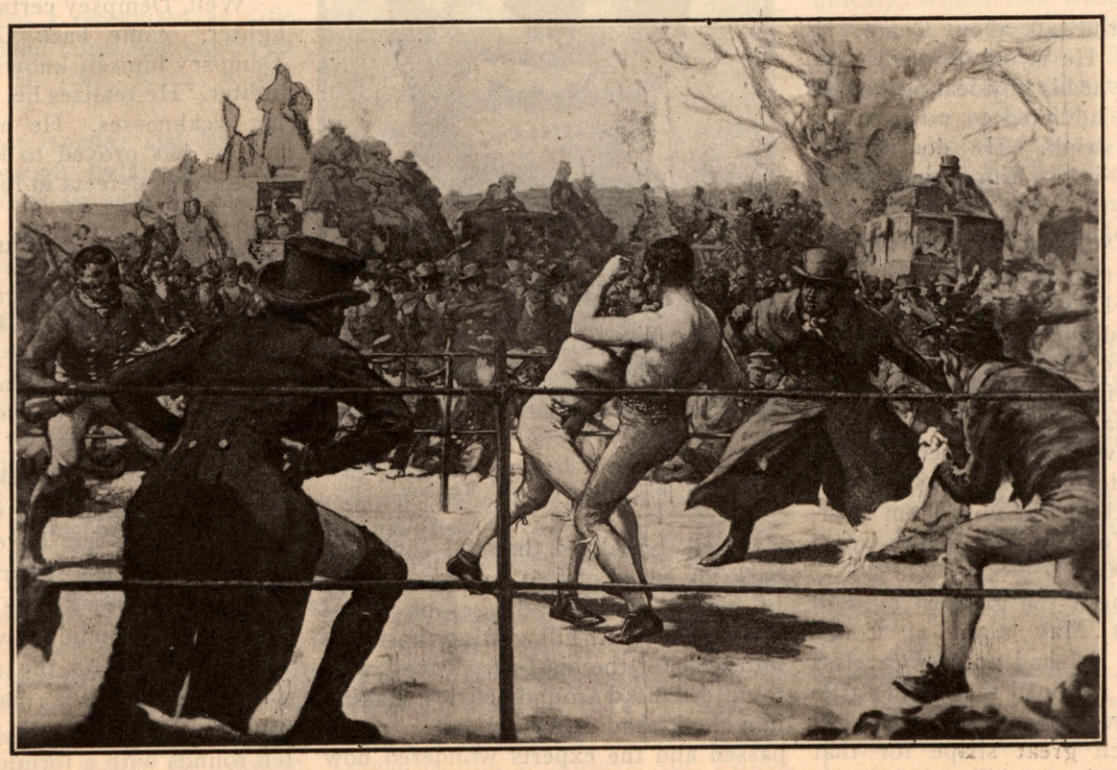


How they fought in the bare-knuckle days.

"Dempsey Should Be at His Prime Now, at Age of Twenty-nine," Says Jim Corbett

THIS is the last of a series of three talks with James J. Corbett, former heavyweight champion. Judging from the letters received from readers of THE RING the first two interviews struck a responsive chord among followers of boxing. The Editor hopes that this final article will be as well received as its predecessors, and that Corbett will have the time and the inclination to continue to discuss ring topics for the readers of this magazine from time to time.

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

WHAT'S behind Jack Dempsey's decision to hold off Harry Wills for another year?" We asked Jim Corbett the other day.

"Of course, most of the followers of the sport believe that Dempsey will not fight again. But what of the talk about his having to train for nearly a year to get into shape for the negro challenger?"

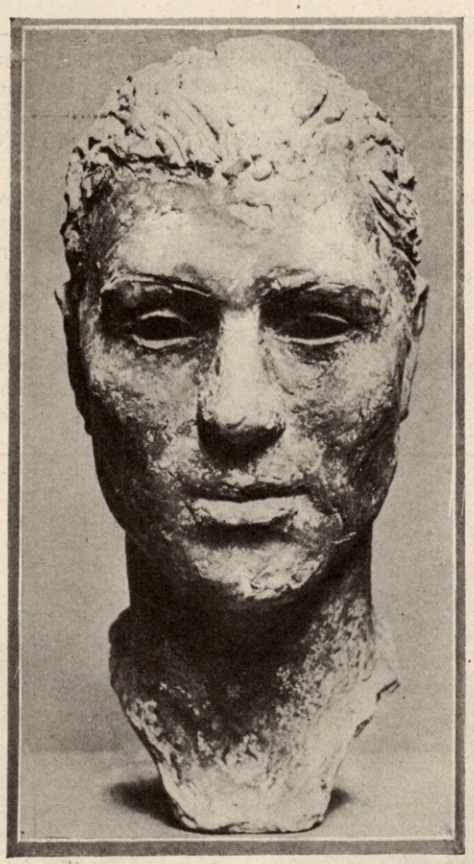
Corbett emitted a long laugh. "I like Dempsey. He's a good 'kid' and I don't want to make any disparaging remarks about him," said Gentleman Jim. "As I have said before, I don't think that he will defend the title against Wills or anybody else who may have a chance. The talk about having to train for months and months is pure poppycock.

"Why all the talk about Dempsey's going back? He is only twenty-nine. He should be at his physical peak right now. He is addicted to no excesses. He doesn't drink. He doesn't run around. He is a clean living young man.

Only Two Months Needed

"WITH two months of hard training Dempsey should be in the prime of condition for Wills. Why, I was thirty-five years old when I fought Jim Jeffries for the heavyweight title at Coney Island. I had been out of the ring for two years. After my bout with Bob Fitzsimmons in 1897 I had fought only the affair with Tom Sharkey in New York, in 1898, before facing Jeffries in 1900.

"Yet, I fought the greatest fight of my life that May night at Coney Island. And if I had not got careless I would have regained the world's title at thirty-four. Do you know how I got into such great shape for that fight? By running up hills. A fighter's legs are his most important assets. Did you see the Firpo-Willard fight? Did you note that when Willard's legs gave way he was gone in spite of the fact that his arms still were fresh?



Clay model of Jack Dempsey, which is on exhibition in Berlin Art Museum.

"Well, I realized that if I could get back my speed of foot and my stamina of foot I would be dangerous. So I climbed hill after hill, getting those legs into trim for the big test. Round after round I danced around Jeffries, making him look bad. Round after round passed and the experts wondered how I kept so fresh. It was my legs.

Sends Jack to Hills

"LET Dempsey go into the hills for two months and climb hills. And let him do some real sparring with real sparring partners,—none of that guff the boys put on at fifty cents a head these days.

"Yes, that 'gone back' stuff makes me laugh,—and Dempsey only twenty-nine. How many hard fights has he had? Carpentier,—if you could call that a hard fight—and Firpo, Brennan? A joke bout. Miske? A tragedy. Dempsey should be in the best trim of his life for Wills,—if he wants to fight. But all indications point the other way."

"How do you rate Dempsey?" we asked Corbett.

"Well, Dempsey certainly is no great fighter," came back Gentleman Jim. Dempsey himself knows he is no great fighter. He realizes his limitations and his weaknesses. He has no illusions and he has proved to himself that he has serious defects in his armour.

Calls Jack Slugger

"DEMPSEY is a game fighter,—a great slugger. But any talk of Dempsey's being clever is farcical. He knows nothing at all about blocking, about ducking, about weaving, about parrying.

"Dempsey is a socker, pure and simple. And he lacks coolness under fire. He gets all keyed up and his nervous tautness wears off in four rounds. Nobody knows if Dempsey is a stayer. Offhand I would say that he is not. He is the sort of fighter who must get his man inside four rounds. If he is forced to go eight or ten rounds with a formidable opponent

(*Continued on page 9*)

From Sneers and Viciousness to Kindliness —or the Transformation of Kid McCoy

By A. D. PHILLIPS

KID McCOY, who has turned philosopher and teacher since entering San Quentin Prison in California, is doing considerable good in his new sphere of activity in raising the morale of the humans who have been thrust behind the prison bars because of their offenses against society. The Kid, whose articles in THE RING this year have provided the supporters of this magazine with good and thoughtly reading matter, continues to expound deep thoughts about the mysteries of life.

No longer does the Kid hand out the wallops as he did in his heydey. His voice is softened and his thoughts pass through a different sphere. Kindliness, an attribute which seldom was his when the fistic world bowed at his feet, has entered his philosophy. In short, Kid McCoy's incarceration has brought about a mighty interesting change.

THE following is penned by the famous exponent of the cork-screw punches:

"I remember an instance that soured me on the world and did more to develop my fighting spirit when I was a boy, than anything else. I was standing on a bridge over a canal in Spokane, Washington, thinking how many miles separated me from home and any one that I knew, when a boy came rowing by whom I recognized as little Jimmy, with whom I had sold papers on the streets of St. Paul, Minn., a few years previous.

"We soon got together and left that night on a through freight for Butte City, Mont. When we were within fifty miles of Butte we had to change trains at Garrison Junction and the first freight out Jimmy and I were on it, we crawled end door of a car loaded with lumber and there were four other tramps in there, but they were the big burly dirty kind but evidently they stood all right with the brakeman, for within seven miles of Butte the brakeman discovered Jimmy and me, so out on top he hauled us and after searching us and finding nothing he told us to 'hit the grit' meaning get off.

"The train was going over a grade rather slowly and we could see the city in the distance so we didn't mind walking but as I was climbing down the ladder the (shak) brakeman stamped the skin of my knuckles, I jumped off and Jimmy and I both caught the caboose and I asked Jimmy to help me get the (shak) who had started on a run for the caboose.

"When he saw us, Jimmy jumped off but when the "shak" came in one door I entered the other and I made a dive for him, he hit me with the club he had to set brakes and the next time I remembered anything I was tangled up with a barb-wire fence about thirty feet from the track. There was no train in sight and when Jimmy found out that I was not seriously hurt he laughed at the way I was kicked off. I left Butte as soon as I was able, but I never rode any more freights.

"THE above is only one of the many experiences. I have been refused food and work when I was so weak from hunger that I could hardly take my hat off. I know there is nothing like hunger to make one vicious, and take them back to the animal kingdom. I also know that there is nothing to equal kindness, to bring out the best that is in one.

"It was the spirit of adventure that led me away from home, and all that was dear, causing my poor mother many heartaches. No doubt I got what I deserved in the line of rough treatment, but it developed that fighting spirit and made me vicious during combat. It was the praise and kindness that I received as the victor, which changed that fighting spirit and softened my heart until I no longer sought vengeance as I did when a boy. I learned the world was not as bad as I had pictured it. My fighting spirit soon vanished and that was why I quite the game.

"Not knowing the value of a dollar I squandered my money freely, and having no business education, when my money was gone I tried several different lines, all of which failed but I was always trying to keep up my end with the successful. I lived beyond my means as so many do today which is a serious mistake."

How many such cases of squandering are there in the history of fistiana? How many of the boxers of a decade or more ago who made fortunes in the ring, can show a goodly portion of this still in their possession?

Few, I am certain. That is the difference between the boys of today and those of yesterday. The Benny Leonards, the Dempseys, the Firpos, and innumerable other boxers I can name, know the value of a dollar and they are taking proper means for looking after the rainy day that so often comes in the life of every human being."

* * *

McCOY'S self-analysis, in which he explains the birth of viciousness which made him one of the most feared fighters of his time, may be sound enough. McCoy, who had real gifts of a material kind, was early soured on the world. He was a cruel and tricky scrapper. He had a habit of twisting his upper lip into a sneer of contempt the moment he faced a foeman. The "Kid McCoy sneer" was as celebrated as Bob Fitzsimmons' freckles and the tattooed ship on Tom Sharkey's chest. McCoy expected no quarter from an opponent; he rarely gave any, either.

McCoy, although he put over loads of quick knockouts, delighted in cutting up his man. His vengeance was as deep-plotted and as savage as those of the covered wagon day Indian. Once a heavyweight named McCormick scored a lucky knockout over McCoy in the first round. Later the wily Kid again lured McCormick into the ring —and terrible was his revenge.

Instead of plastering McCormick quickly, which was within his power, McCoy deliberately prolonged the affair for eight rounds. He hammered and ripped McCormick to a sickening object, the while he grinned at his crimson piece of avenging. Several times he had McCormick on the brink of a knockout, but declined to unleash the merciful finisher. McCoy couldn't resist saving him for the torture which he thought McCormick deserved for once humiliating him.

McCoy today is exhibiting the same fighting qualities of days gone by—minus the sneer and the viciousness—that made him famous in Fistiana. He is taking the penalty for his misdoings as gracefully and as majestically as he ever received a reverse in the ring.

Sneers and viciousness do not pay. Kindness does. This much McCoy has learned and he expounds it in his philosophy.

All photographs which appear in each issue in this book can be purchased from The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

When "Maori Giant" Sat on John L. Sullivan's Stomach

By Tim McGRATH

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FIGHT enthusiasts never get tired reading or hearing of the "sidelights" of the great John L. Sullivan's career. They are always apropos. I was the witness to one incident in the Boston Boy's life which seldom has been made public, yet which, in my mind, shows that John L. could be tamed despite his marvellous strength and his terrific roar.

Herbert Slade, the Maori Giant who was brought to America by Jem Mace, was later hired by John L. to act as his sparring partner. It was after Sullivan beat Slade in New York City in three rounds that the Maori Giant decided to accept the post and travel about the country with Sullivan.

Sullivan, as all the old-timers know, was very, very rough with his sparring partners, and when they arrived in San Francisco, Slade, having become tired of being beaten up every day, decided to quit his job, and he disappeared. Sullivan, being told that Slade had quit him, began drinking. When he had taken enough champagne aboard he started out looking for Slade. He finally located him in Harry Maynard's saloon on Pine street. Slade was standing at the bar telling his troubles when Sullivan walked in.

"You lazy duffer!" roared Sullivan as he caught sight of Slade. "Why did you run out on me? I'll knock your head off."

SULLIVAN, as a matter of fact, was so full of champagne that if Slade had blown at him he would have knocked him over.

But Sullivan, drunk or sober, was a bad man to cross; Slade, knowing this, tried to get out of his way, and Sullivan, seeing him move, made a lunge at him.

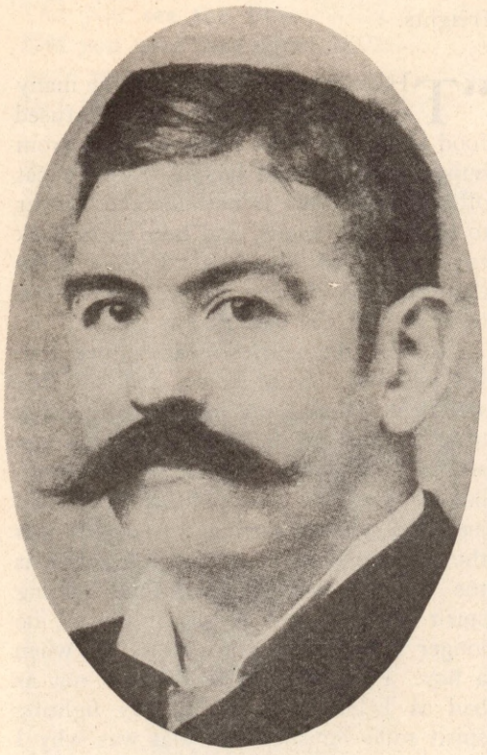
Maynard, meanwhile, having seen that there might be serious trouble, had picked up the phone and asked the police to send down a man or two.

The call was answered by a policeman named McGreevy, and, as he entered the door, he saw a man on the floor flat on his back with another sitting on his stomach.

The man underneath was Sullivan. The man on top Slade. When Sullivan lunged Slade had side-stepped and let him sprawl on the floor. Then, so Sullivan couldn't get up, Slade sat on him.

SULLIVAN was roaring like a bull. "Let me up, you blankety, blank, blank!" he was shouting. "Let me up! I'll smash every bone in your body."

The policeman, accustomed to barroom fights, for they were quite frequent in those days, asked Maynard who was the man on the floor.



John L. Sullivan

"That," replied Maynard, "is John L. Sullivan—the champion of the world."

"Well," remarked the policeman, "that's a h—— of a place for the champion of the world to be."

Then the policeman asked what he was expected to do.

"I don't know," said Maynard; "if you let him up he'll wreck the place."

The policeman walked over and began talking quietly to Sullivan.

"Listen, John," he said, "you've been making a fool of yourself. Quiet down and be a gentleman."

"I am a gentleman!" roared Sullivan, "and I can whip the man who says I'm not.

"Just let me up and I'll show this loafer that he can't sit on a good American citizen! I just want one punch at him—just one punch!"

The policeman leaned over closer and whispered more seriously. When he finished John had quieted down a bit.

"All right," he said, "all right!"

THE policeman tapped Slade on the shoulder. "Let him up," he said.

John got up and began dusting off his clothes with the help of those around him.

"That was a bad fix you were in," remarked the policeman as he helped with the dusting.

"Yes," agreed John, "it was! But where is that dirty loafer? Let me take one punch at him, that's all, just one punch!"

With that Sullivan started a chase around the room for Slade, who being more nimble of foot, eluded his half-drunken pursuer and crashing through a side door of the saloon, ran as fast as his legs could carry him down Pine Street. Had the mighty champion caught Slade there is no telling what might have been the result.

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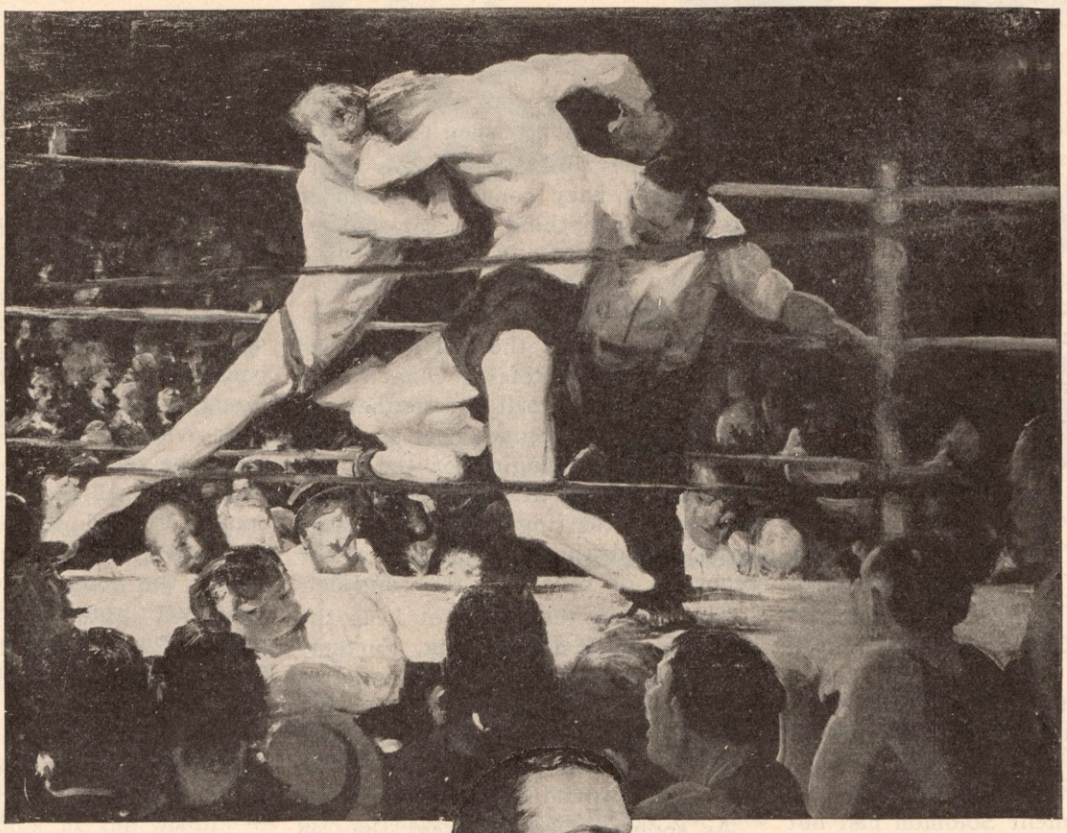

An original painting by Geo. Bellows owned by The Cleveland Museum of Art.

LIFE **is** a battle. The strongest man wins. It's fight, fight, fight, from the cradle to the grave. In industry, in business, in the professions, it's a struggle of brains and brawn.

Are you properly equipped for the fray? Have you the strength? Have you the body that's fit to carry on the fight? Have you the nerve, the mental energy, the fighting spirit—to forge ahead?

My friend, you may think you're licked. You may be trudging through life with a beaten, hang-dog look. You may be frail and sickly. **Tired**—oh! so tired! Weak and cringing! Broken-down in body—shattered in spirit. But so long as you have the frame and limbs that God gave you, and a heart in which there flickers what is perhaps the last dying spark of ambition to go ahead—I beg of you not to throw up the sponge.

Let me take you in hand. Let me give you a new glorious body for that half-dead hulk you're toting around. Let me put flesh and good old muscle on those skinny bones. Let me put the fire of youth in your heart—a spring in your step—a sparkle in your eye—a song in your breast. Let me put the spirit of fight in you—the spirit that never takes the count of ten.

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Muffled Ringside Bells Have Caused Trouble All Through the Years

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

MUFFLED tintinnabulation of ringside bells has caused much distress in pugilisms' select circles. The latest victim of indistinct bell ringing was King Solomon. The King was tussling in a ring in Boston with another ambitious young person who bore no royal cognomen, and his majesty had succeded in dumping his opponent on the floor and observed him closely as he arose in unsteady manner.

Solomon then wisely measured his man for a knockout punch, which was sent to the jaw with speed, force and precision. There was no danger of the man regaining a perpendicular position, during that encounter and the King, flushed with victory, went to his corner.

He was astounded to hear the referee disqualify him for hitting after the bell had ended the round. Due to the roars of the crowd and his own excitement Solomon had not heard the bell, or perhaps had started the blow just as the bell rang and was unable to stay his hand.

There is no reason to believe that Solomon would have been guilty of deliberately striking a blow after the bell, hence he will be excused on the ground of too much noise in the arena or a non-resonant gong.

When Pancho Villa landed a crashing blow on Jimmy Wilde just as the bell ended the round, the little brown man got off much easier than did King Solomon. The referee decided that the blow that crumpled the Briton had been started just before the bell rang out.

BY far the most sensational instance of bell trouble was that which developed towards the end of the first round of the battle between Dempsey and Willard at Toledo on July 2, 1919. Young Mr. Dempsey had dumped the huge Willard to the floor seven times in this hectic round, the final knockdown coming close to the end of the three minutes alloted for action under modern boxing rules. At this moment Mr. Willard was in a sitting position in the southwest corner of the ring, one hand clutching the ring rope as a support, and wondering why the engineer had been so careless as to neglect whistling when the train dashed past the crossing.

Willard's hazy condition precluded his hearing anything less ear shattering than a dynamite explosion or a test shot by a Sandy Hook gun.

But Willard was not alone in being unaware that the bell had ended the first round. Referee Ollie Pecord did not hear the bell and neither did Dempsey or his seconds hear anything resembling the ringing of the gong. The same is true of the reporters who surrounded the ring in rows six deep. It was not deafness on the part of the reporters or others at the ringside.

The reason they did not hear the bell was that **it did not ring.** Furthermore a bell ending the first round of the Dempsey-Willard fight never did ring, and if a round cannot end until a gong rings then officially the celebrated first round never was finished.

As soon as Dempsey sent the 248 pound Willard to the canvas for the seventh time and with a jarring effect that thoroughly tested the strength of the structure, Referee Pecord began counting in a voice that was audible to all at the ringside and with a motion of the right arm that was visible from all parts of the arena.

HAVING pronounced the magic numeral "ten" while Mr. Willard was still seated in a partially comatose condition in the southwest corner, Referee Pecord then performed the time honored act of raising Dempsey's right glove in the air as an official notification to the spectators that the youngster had won the battle and was the new heavyweight champion of the world. This was followed by prolonged cheering on the part of those who had bet on Dempsey to win, and the new title holder after grinning his pleasure, bolted from the ring and headed for his dressing room.

Suddenly there was a commotion at that part of the ringside where was seated Warren K. Barbour, official timer whose duty it was to make the gong ring out like a fire bell. Mr. Barbour was trying to make it understood that the gong had refused to ring and that Willard had been saved by the round ending before the count of ten had been completed. When Jack Kearns, who was still near the ring, absorbed this information, he ran after Dempsey, pounced on him and dragged him back into the ring.

Willard by this time had been hauled to his corner by his stout three seconds and was being slowly brought back to consciousness. Somebody brought a disengaged gong to Barbour who hit it with a hammer to start the second round, and the fight proceeded. At the close of the third round, Willard decided that the excitement was too much for him and before the gong could be struck for the fourth round, the Pottawa timie Giant requested one of his seconds to park a large white towel in the centre of the ring.

FOLLOWING the bout some of Willard's friends insisted that Dempsey had disqualified himself by leaving the ring before the fight was officially terminated. They had no foundation for such a claim, as the battle was fought under Queensberry rules, one clause of which declared that the decision of the referee was final and irrevocable.

After Pecord counted Willard out and declared Dempsey the winner, the latter could have refused to return to the ring and no power could have deprived him of the victory. But he and Kearns decided it best not to leave even a loophole and so resumed the battle and won beyond all cavil.

It developed later that Willard himself was responsible for the failure of the gong to ring at the crucial period of the fight. When the big Kansan got ready to enter the ring, he saw with much annoyance that the preliminary fighters had been very untidy and that the canvas had been soiled with human blood and otherwise rendered unfit for the presence of a champion. Therefore Willard indignantly notified the officials that a new, clean and sanitary canvas would have to be stretched on the ring floor before he would consent to climb through the ropes.

The management did as ordered,

and put a new canvas down, but in the hurry the hired men became flurried and laced the ropes holding the canvas in place over the gong, which was fastened to the side of the ring platform. That is the reason that particular gong did not ring at the conclusion of the first round.

THE Toledo instance is perhaps the only one in which a gong failed to ring at the conclusion of a round. Yet there have been other peculiar gongs. Many ringside bells have brazenly announced the end of a round in considerably less than three minutes, and sometimes the bell has not tinkled for perhaps 30 seconds beyond the three minute limit. Several gongs have apparently been aware on which fighter the chief betting was done and the bells have conducted themselves accordingly.

One notable instance of this sort occurred during the celebrated battle between Kid McCoy and Joe Choynski, which took place at the Broadway A. C. on January 12, 1900. This was the last year of the Horton Law and numerous were the schemes to make "killings" before the statute was repealed. The McCoy-Choynski affair was the medium of one of the most scandalous killings in the history of the sport. The backers of McCoy plunged heavily on his chances, but Choynski was in fine fettle at that time and his admirers unloosed their bank rolls and wagered at the excellent odds.

The bout had gone but two rounds when it became apparent that Choynski was the master of the nimble Kid, outboxing and outhitting him. McCoy was in distress during the third round and his backers were exceedingly annoyed. The intelligent gong, however was keenly alive to the emergency and was cool and collected throughout.

Choynski gave the Kid a severe drubbing in the 4th round and battered him from pillar to post. Early in the last minute of the 4th round, Choynski rammed a heavy right against the chin of McCoy who went to the canvas like a sack of flour. He lay motionless and even the shower of water from sponges in the hands of seconds failed to revive the somnolent Kid.

The referee was counting with a deliberation that gave promise ten would be reached in about 18 seconds. The bell apparently was the only thing at the ringside that remained calm and unmoved. Finally at 8, McCoy moved uneasily and raised his head as if to inquire for the number of the auto that had struck him. Then he sat up, and with a great effort got to his feet at nine.

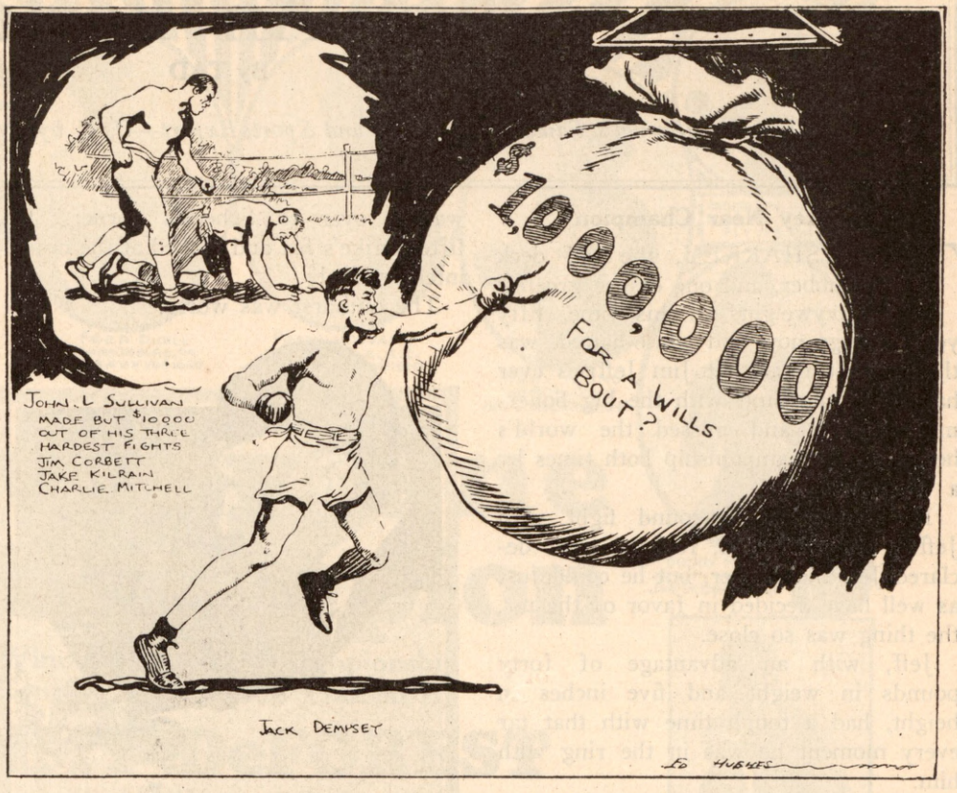
Choynski with a smile on his face stood close to McCoy and was prepared to send his opponent again to the resin dust. But just at this point the presence of mind of the bell made itself a potent factor in the proceedings, for it clanged out loud and clear when the 4th round had 30 seconds to go. Choynski grinned knowingly, but feeling sure he would finish McCoy in the next round, dropped his hands and turned towards his own corner. He had not taken a step when McCoy's right struck Choynski behind the right ear with terriffic force and sent him down on his face.

McCoy with the look of a man who had seen his duty and performed it went to his own corner. Choynski, in helpless condition was dragged to his corner, where his seconds worked feverishly to get him into condition for the next round. A tinkling sound that came from the vicinity of the gong indicated that the bell was well pleased.

Despite the efforts of Choynski's seconds he was unable to answer the inexorable gong for the fifth round. He tried to rise, but his legs bent under him and he fell back into his chair. He was counted out with the celerity of an adding machine.

The records of boxing declare that McCoy knocked out Choynski in four rounds. The referee was conversing pleasantly with a friend at the instant McCoy hit Choynski behind the right ear after the bell had ended the fourth round.

Champions—Old and New—By Ed Hughes



CORBETT DISCUSSES DEMPSEY

(*Continued from page* 4)

like Wills he will be at a disadvantage."

"What do you think of Young Stribling?" we asked.

"He has disappointed me greatly," replied Corbett. "I really thought he was a comer but I think he hasn't been handled exactly right. He may come along but he looks too erratic."

Talks About Tunney

FROM Stribling the conversation veered toward Jim Maloney, the Boston heavyweight. "No, Maloney will not do," said Corbett. "Another erratic fighter. And not fast enough."

"How about Gene Tunney?"

"Well, Tunney hasn't shown enough as yet to pass Wills as the runner-up for the championship," countered the one-time wizard of the ring. "Tunney is young and fast and ambitious and he learns. He can hit, too. But I don't know if he can hit hard enough. Nor does anybody know if Gene can take it. He hasn't fought a man who could hurt him. Gibbons was a joke.

"Tunney undoubtedly is a great prospect. He must be handled right. But no more of that Madden stuff."

Just An Earful

By TAD

New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of the King Features Service

Sharkey Near Champion

TOM SHARKEY, the old deck scrubber, and one of the greatest heavyweights of his time, fifty years of age now and white-haired, was the greatest rival that Jim Jeffries ever had, went the limit with the big boiler-maker twice and missed the world's heavyweight championship both times by a whisker.

In the twenty-five-round fight with Jeff at Coney Island, Referee Siler declared Jeff the winner, but he could just as well have decided in favor of the tar, the thing was so close.

Jeff, with an advantage of forty pounds in weight and five inches in height, had a tough time with that tar every moment he was in the ring with him.

Sharkey would raise Cain with the boys of to-day if he had the chance. What a battle a Dempsey-Sharkey affair would have been.

* * *

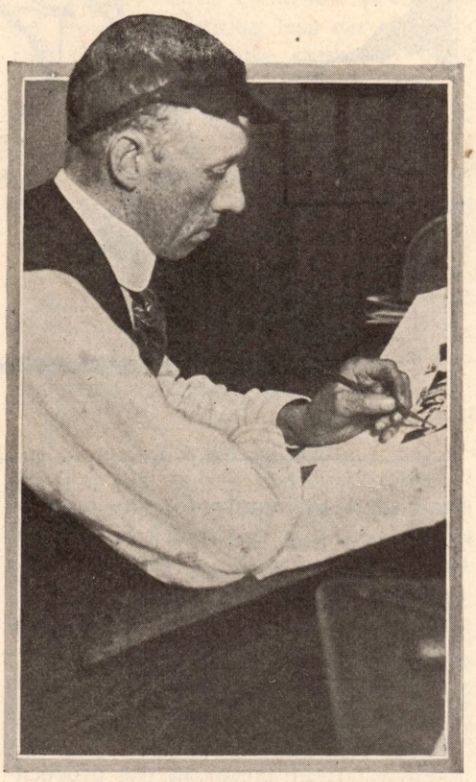
He Gave Four Decisions

WILLARD BEAN, an elder in the Mormon Church, gave four distinct decisions on the Mike Schreck-John Wille bout in Salt Lake City on the night of September 5, 'way back in 1905.

It was Bean's first and last attempt. At the end of the twentieth round, he walked to Wille's corner and lifted the heavyweight's hand. The house hissed like a den of snakes.

Bean listened a full minute, then deliberately dropped Wille's hand and walked over to Scheck's corner. He lifted Mike's fist and looked at the crowd interrogatively.

The outburst was worse.



TAD

Bewildered, Bean walked to the center of the ring and raised both hands, signifying a draw. Spectators were more disgusted than ever.

Finally, Bean signalled for silence and managed to take advantage of a momentary lull to shout "No contest!" That was the last straw; the enraged house wanted to mob him.

It required police protection to get the unfortunate official out of the ring. Commenting the following morning, one newspaper gave the decision as follows: Wille wins; Schreck wins; draw; nobody wins!"

Tom Andrews' boxing record gives the verdict an asterisk and the following explanation: "Referee gave three decisions—all unsatisfactory."

* * *

Charlie Chaplin in the Ring

YES, Charley Chaplin was in the ring once. Sounds like a joke but it's true.

Long years before Charley ever thought of wearing baggy pants and an iron skimmer before the movies he was bitten by the boxing bug and thought he had the makings of a champion slugger.

While laughing over the struggles of his early youth one night he told the writer that the greatest bug he ever had was to be a prize fighter. He was living in London at the time and tipped the beam at 105 pounds. Somehow or other he got on a preliminary in one of the London clubs and was knocked for a row of bamboo canes in one round.

You will notice nowadays that Charlie is quite an adept at the use of his left hook, and is also very clever at ducking. In his earlier days his neck must have been stiff because his ducking couldn't have been of the best.

Johnny Gill Never Knocked Out in 13 Years in Ring

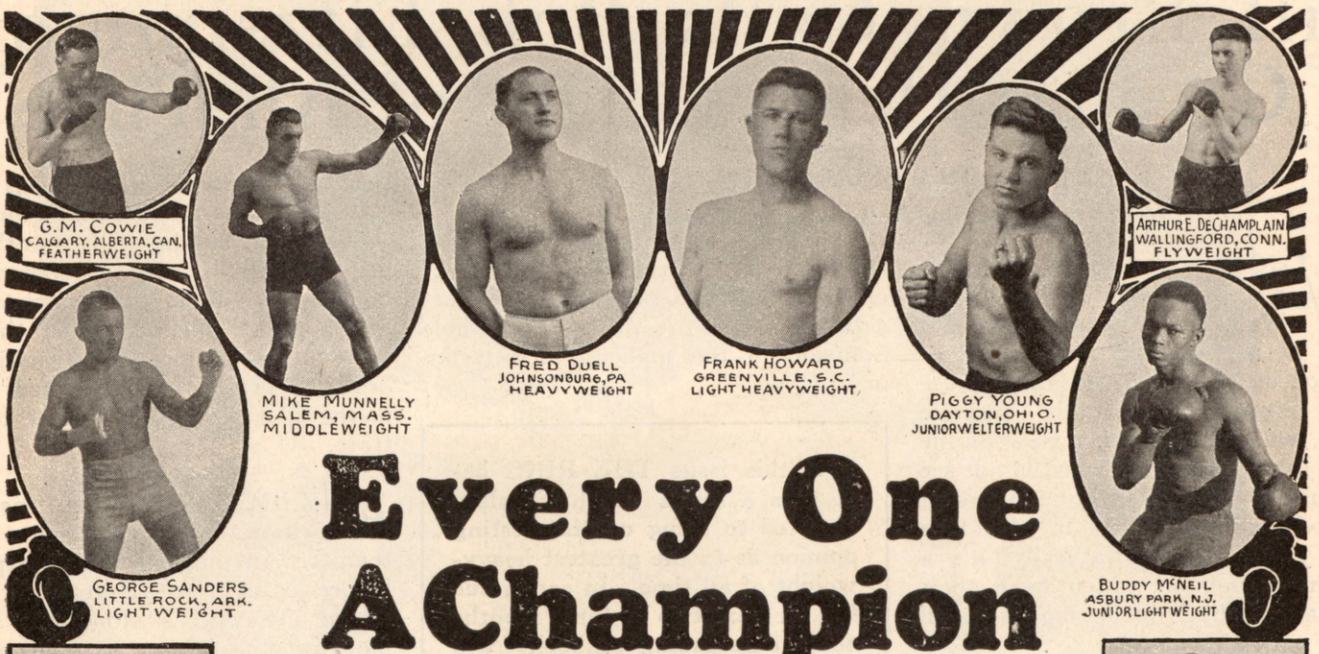
A RING event of the past month brought into the public eye a boxer who has never received the credit nor the financial reward that his record warrants. This is a bouquet for Johnny Gill, of York, Pa., who has met all the tough ones in and out of his class. In his thirteen years of warfare, inside the ropes and on the battlefields of France, he has never heard a bedtime story in the form of a knockout.

Judged alone from his length of service in the ring, Johnny might be rated as a hoary-haired veteran. This line of reckoning is all wrong, for he took his ring initiation at the age of fourteen and is now only in his prime. This was made clear when he went to Boston recently and battled Jimmy Slattery, one of the most formidable of the rising generation. Slattery won the decision, but Gill was in there fighting right up to the end.

Gill met Jack Britton while the latter was king of the welters, and earned a draw. Other fair-to-medium maulers whom he has encountered without having his whiskers knocked off are Paul Berlenbach, Eddie Shevlin, Tilly (Kid) Herman, Soldier Bartfield, K. O. Laughlin, Joe Borrell, Phil Bloom and Mickey Walker, the latter recently on two occasions. Gill is not a rib-cracker, but has everything else.

If THE RING is not sold in your city let us know.

Dealers who do not now obtain THE RING are requested to communicate with us and we will see that our national distributor takes care of your needs.

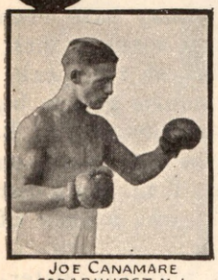


Every One A Champion

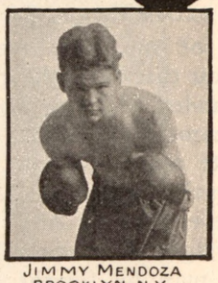
Winners of First Championship Contest Selected and Trained By

JIMMY DeFOREST

World's Greatest Trainer



JOE CANAMARE
CEDARHURST, N.J.
WELTERWEIGHT



JIMMY MENDOZA
BROOKLYN, N.Y.
BANTAMWEIGHT

Here Are a Few of the DeForest Trained-By-Mail Boxers Who Are Making Good in the Ring:

C. A. Atherley, Montreal, Canada
Contender for Canadian Bantamweight Title
Corporal W. S. Gosling, "Black Watch Regiment," Quetta, Baluchistan, India
Al Dawes, Santiago, Cuba
"The Santiago Sensation"
Bud DeHaven, Paris, Ill.
Middleweight Champion of the Wabash Valley
Jack Meehan, U. S. S. California
San Pedro, Calif.
Gene Moretti, Pleasantville, N. J.

HERE are the Champs! How would you like to be one of these lucky lads? They were selected from the thousands who have completed the JIMMY DeFOREST Boxing Course by Mail. They were brought to my Long Branch, N. J., Camp *at my own expense* where I finished off *in person* their training for the ring. If you think you cannot learn to Box by Mail, look at these boys! They have already tasted some of the glory of a New York City bout. They are now on the road to Fame and Fortune. Probably you read in the newspapers about their New York debut under my guidance. Perhaps you even witnessed this great event. There will be another just like it in six months. Will your picture be among the next champs? You will never have such an opportunity to rise so quickly from Obscurity to the Limelight.

You May Be the Next Champion

You have as much chance as the next fellow—and it does not make any difference whether you've ever had a Boxing glove on or not. Most of my boys were the rawest novices when they enrolled for my Boxing Course by Mail. They didn't know a left jab from a right hook. Now many of them are finished Boxers earning *real money* in the ring and *some of them are actual contenders for championship titles.*

I Will Make You a Skilled Boxer in 20 Weeks

I start you at the very beginning. I teach you step by step every Blow, every Attack, every Defense, every Trick and every bit of Ring Strategy that I taught Jack Dempsey, Firpo, Joe Gans, Pal Moore, and a host of other champions and great contenders whom I have trained. Everything I know about Boxing has been set down in one Complete Course that you can master just as thousands of *others have done, without leaving your home or interfering with your work.*

Box For Health and Wealth

Boxing is acknowledged to be the greatest of all body conditioners. It develops Muscle, Alertness, Poise, Self-confidence; enables you to protect yourself and keeps you in the "Pink of Condition." Many prominent men and leaders in all walks of life Box regularly to keep themselves fit.

If you become a skilled boxer you can make more money, enjoy more luxuries and freedom than you can by following any other occupation. Fortunes are being made in the ring by lads who formerly could hardly make a decent living. Even mediocre talent is commanding more money today than champions did in the old days. This is the GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING!

This Wonder Book Will Open Your Eyes

Read "The Golden Age of Boxing" if you want to enjoy the most fascinating book of its kind ever written. It contains numerous photos of World's Champions and actual ring battles. It explains in detail how I teach Boxing so successfully by mail. It shows some of the newly devised picture charts I use in my Instructions. It contains a complete outline of my Course week by week, scenes at my well known camp, photos of some of the lads I have trained by Mail. You'll prize this wonder book. Don't fail to read it. It may change your whole life from drudgery and obscurity to Prominence and Wealth. Send 10c to cover cost of mailing and I'll send you a copy at once. This is YOUR OPPORTUNITY. Mail the Coupon TODAY.

Jimmy DeForest

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Gentlemen — Enclosed find ten cents, for which please send me your book, "The Golden Age of Boxing," without obligation on my part.
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MAIL NOW

Bill Brown Calls Bob Fitzsimmons Greatest Heavyweight of All Time

By BILL BROWN

Well Known Boxing Authority and Conditioner

WHO was the greatest heavyweight boxer of all time? Well, that's a tough one for those of us who did not see Peter Jackson in his prime, who did not see Bob Fitzsimmons in his greatest fights, who did not get a view of the great John L. Sullivan, who did not see the superb Jim Corbett, at the age of thirty-four, almost regain the title from Jim Jeffries. Naturally, it's a matter of opinion. Men have their likes and dislikes in boxing as in all other activities.

As for me, give me Fitzsimmons and you can have the rest. Courage? Unbounded. Hitting ability? Nobody else came near him. Science? Ask Corbett about Carson City. Aggressiveness? Ask Jeffries. Fitzsimmons had everything. And he never had the weight of a real heavy. Nearly every man he fought had a big advantage in weight.

Fitzsimmons was a ring paragon. He held the middleweight, light heavyweight and heavyweight championships. Nobody else in the history of boxing had so much ability for his poundage.

FITZSIMMONS had a genial personality as well as commanding ability in the ring. He was always full of fun, always planning some practical joke. There was nothing of the sullenness of Jeffries, the "high hat" of Dempsey, the objectionable characteristics of the otherwise lovable Sullivan, in the makeup of Fitzsimmons.

IN this issue THE RING begins a series which is calculated to bring out interesting opinion as to the greatest heavyweight of all time. In each issue for the next two or three months some outstanding authority will be quoted. But THE RING wants the ideas of its readers as much as it desires the opinions of men like Bill Brown and Sam Harris, once Terry McGovern's manager, who is to air his views in an early issue. Send in your impressions, writing on only one side of the paper and limiting yourself to about 150 words.

How that Cornishman could hit! He was a physical freak, with the torso of a blacksmith and the underpinning of a welterweight. This made him so light. He got all his drive in those broad shoulders of his, and he had the secret of perfect application of power.

Fitzsimmons hit Corbett so hard at Carson City that he had Jim out standing up. The blow got Jim in the solar plexus, the centre of the nervous system, and it paralyzed the champion. Corbett knew what was going on around him, but he was powerless to help himself. Incidentally, there was nothing new about that punch. There was a great hullabaloo over the new solar plexus wallop, but it was just an ordinary crash that happened to hit in the spot where the nerves concentrate.

FITZSIMMONS had an easy disposition, but he also had a bit of temper. An incident which happened before his fight with Jeffries at Coney Island always has stood out in my memory, and it may have been more important than it seems at first blush.

When he was at the peak of his training Fitzsimmons gave a big Sunday dinner at his quarters at Bensonhurst. There was a big party on hand. All went well until the main dish came to the table. It was a stew of some sort.

Fitzsimmons and his sister-in-law had been on the "outs" and suddenly she let loose for no reason at all and began to call him a variety of names. Fitzsimmons picked up the big tureen of stew and hurled it to the table.

This incident took the edge off the Cornishman and may have had an important bearing on the result of the fight, which saw Jeffries wrest the championship from Robu Bob.

I hate to think what Fitz would have done to a man like our present champion. Incidentally, Fitzsimmons never evaded anybody.

What Our Readers Think About It

Fitz is His Choice

I CONSIDER Bob Fitzsimmons the greatest heavyweight, middleweight and light heavyweight that ever lived. His ability to whip men of almost twice his weight has never been equalled. Bob had every essential of a fighter; he had a terrific punch, a fighting heart and was the craftiest ring master of his time.

"Fitz never in his long career dodged a fight regardless of the size, color or nationality of his opponent. He fought for 29 years and in that time he won the middleweight title from Jack Dempsey at the age of 29, the heavyweight laurels from Jim Corbett at 35, and the light heavyweight title from George Gardner at 41. Fitz always kept in such good condition that until the end of his career some ten years later, he was still considered as a dangerous opponent for any but the best.

A READER."

"John L." Voted Greatest

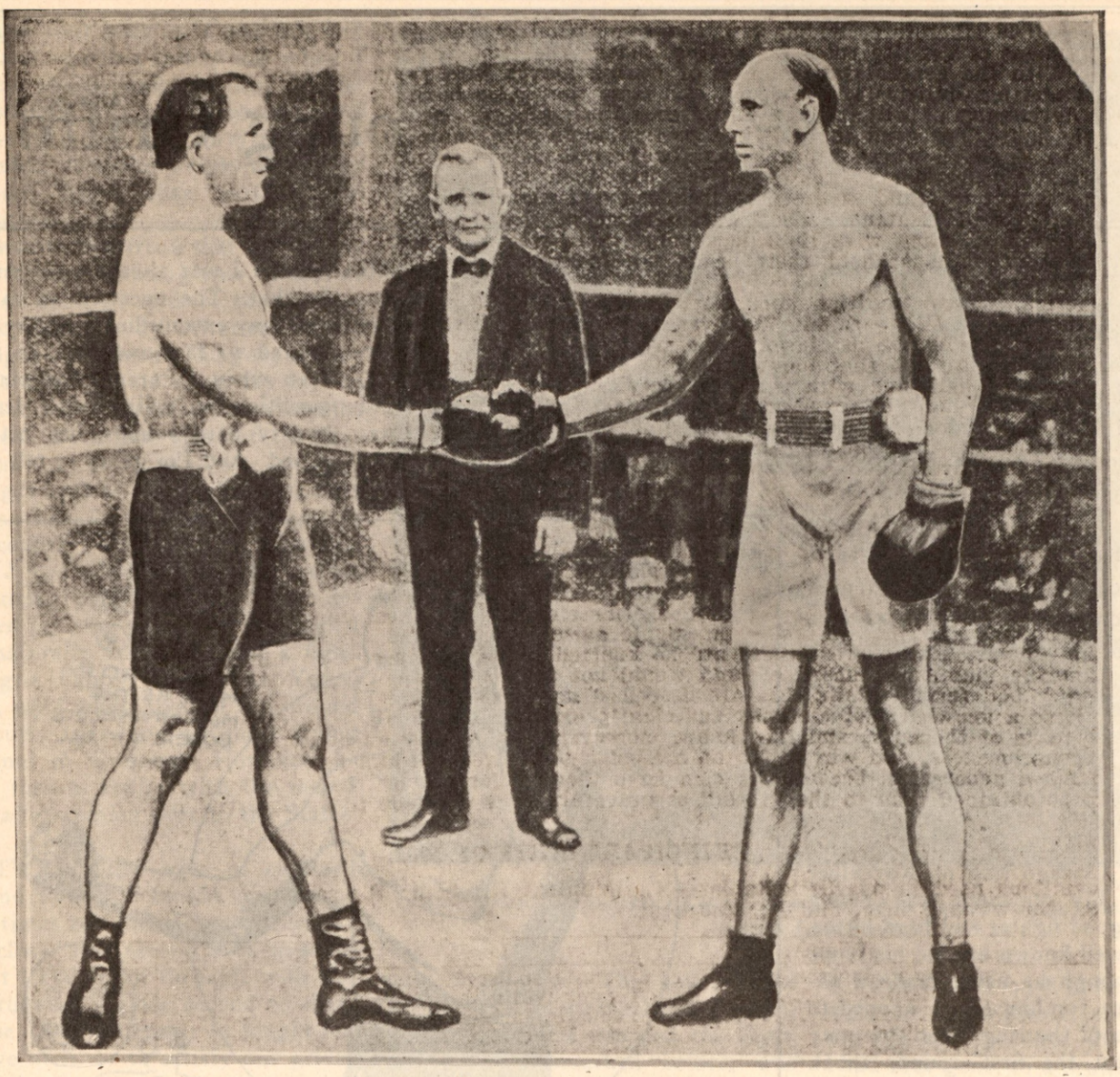
IN attempting the task of selecting the greatest heavyweight the game has known I have limited my consideration to those fighters who flourished from John L. Sullivan to Jack Dempsey.

By the process of elimination, I have narrowed the field down to three men, Corbett, Dempsey and Sullivan.

Would it be just to say that Jim Corbett past master of boxing, as fast as the speediest, a credit to the game in which he gloried, is not the best ever known?

Is it wse to classify Jack Dempsey, the tiger of the ring, a man who possesses everything required of agreat fighter, who is unbeatable when right, as anything, but the greatest?

Can we justly say that John L. Sullivan is inferior to this pair?



Ranked among the greatest of heavyweights—James J. Jeffries, left, and Bob Fitzsimmons

To my mind, in selecting the best, two things should be given consideration. 1 Record while in ring; 2 Personal popularity.

So far as popularity goes, Sullivan has never been equaled, past or present. There has never since been any champion or any other kind of athlete who occupied quite the same place in the hearts of the American people as did Sullivan. His is the most glorious name in all ring history. In consideration of his great personal popularity and his long string of victories I firmly believe that John L. has conclusively proved himself to be the greatest heavyweight of all time.

T. J., N. Y. City.

Likes Jack Johnson

"Referring to the best heavyweight of all times, my choice would be Jack Johnson. Johnson in his prime could meet any one of the leading heavyweights and defeat him. He had the build, was the most scientific boxer and had the punch to put any man to sleep. He also was strong, clever and tricky.

"Next to him I would say Jeffries. Jim equaled Johnson except in science and cleverness and these two things go far when you are clever and experienced master in the ring.

JOHN KUPPS."

1114 Dickerson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Favors Jim Corbett

"I think that the greatest heavyweight of all time was Jim Corbett. Corbett was the first man to show how science and clean living could make a good boxer. Sullivan was unfit most of the time and had no science at all and although he made the game famous, Corbett put it on a higher standing with other sports and made it cleaner.

"Len Zinberg,
450 W. 153rd St.,
N. Y."

Thinks Jeffries Best

THE greatest heavyweight of all time was James J. Jeffries. What fighter can boast of a better record? A man who beat Bob Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Jack Munroe, Gus Ruhlin, Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson, and when a shell of his former self lasted fifteen rounds with Jack Johnson.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN J. McAFEE.

305 Concorn St., Lowell, Mass.

* * * * *

Calls John L. Greatest

JOHN LAWRENCE SULLIVAN, son of an Irishman, true to his creed, a fighting man to his finger tips. A powerful warrior was Sullivan, fearless at heart. He carried dynamite in both his fists—without a doubt the greatest knuckler since the inception of prizefighting, dating as far back as the seventeenth century. He was the greatest of them all.

He became champion when he knocked out Paddy Ryan. A knockout at the hands of James J. Corbett, which put finis to the hectic career of the most renowned battler in pugilistic history.

A. COHN.

1226 S. Harding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE RING is YOUR magazine. It is published for the betterment of boxing, the greatest of all sports.

My Hardest Fight—Young Griffo

As Told to Murray Robinson

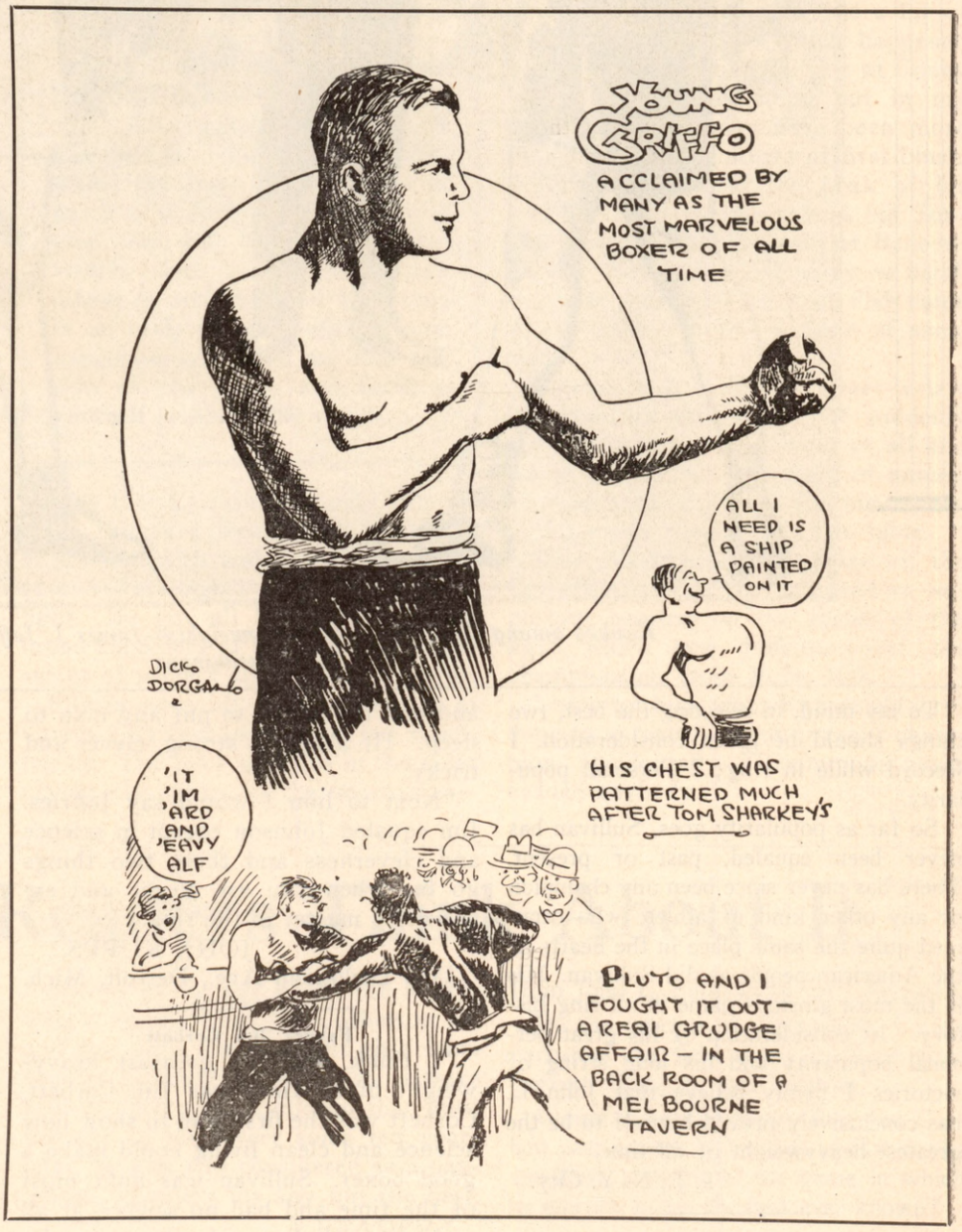
LET me begin to tell this story by confessing that the handkerchief stunt attributed to me by enthusiastic writers in days gone by was not so tough as it seemed. They said I could stand on a handkerchief and have people swing at my face without once landing a blow. I'll admit I pulled that one a few times in barrooms, but I don't want so much credit for it. The strangers I bet couldn't hit me in the face, were usually so drunk that they couldn't hit the side of a house, much less me bobbing on a handkerchief. However, I won plenty of free rounds in this way.

Wishing to make a sensational impression in my first fight in this country, I worked the equivalent of this trick in a Chicago ring on November 13, 1893. My opponent was Young Scotty, a good fighter and hard hitter, who was well known around his home town, although he never made a national name for himself. I stepped to the middle of the ring when the gong sounded for the first round, shook hands with Scotty, and then, instead of putting my hands up in the usual fighting pose, I dropped them to my sides. I kept them there for the entire three minutes of the round, never once lifting them to protect myself. Scotty went wild trying to land a punch on my head, and I never once moved off as much of the canvas as could be covered by a handkerchief.

THAT, I think, is how word spread around that I would bet any amount of money on my ability to dodge blows by ducking and bobbing without once moving my feet. But you may take my word for it that I never did bet real dough on it, just because I was so successful against Young Scotty for three minutes. In the second round of that fight, by the way, I went to work on the Chicagoan, satisfied to leave the fancy work for some other time.

I have been asked to tell of my hardest fight. As far as I can remember, I never had an especially rough battle in my ten years of boxing in this country. Among the leading featherweights and lightweights I met were Joe Gans, Jack McAuliffe, George Dixon, Ike Weir, Billy Murphy, Owen Ziegler, Kentucky Rosebud, Horace Leeds, Solly Smith and Tommy White. Old timers will tell you that I fought them all the same way—always satisfied to outbox them rather than wade in and try for the knockout. I guess I'll admit I was never in the best of condition for any of my bouts on this side.

Of course, my training theories were all wrong, but I was trying to just get by, and I was always good enough to do that. The question as to what I owed my extraordinary ability to move around so fast and box so speedily, even when I entered the ring in no condition to walk, much less fight twenty hard rounds, has often been raised. And I'm going to tell you just what I think gave me my remarkable recuperative powers.

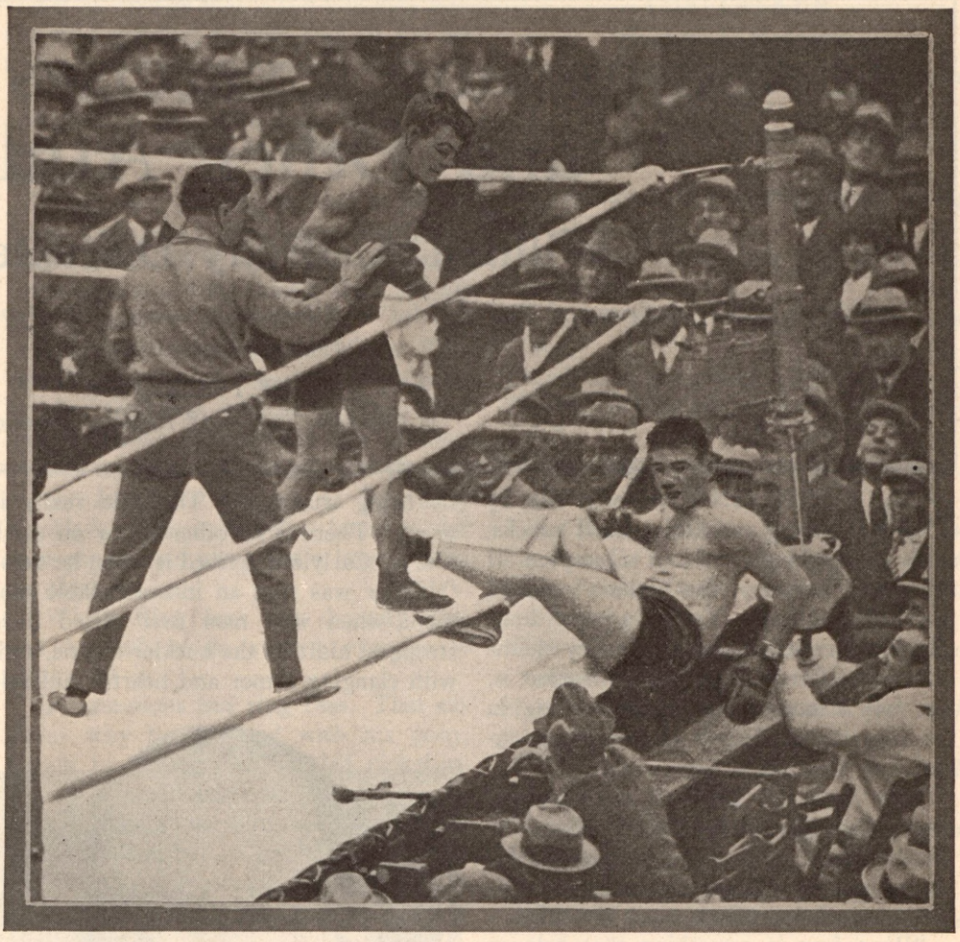


IT was nothing more or less than the size of my chest. The more air you can get into your lungs, the

stronger your body is. I was five feet four and one-half inches tall when I started boxing and weighed around 126 pounds. Yet my chest measured forty-two inches, and forty-five when expanded. A featherweight with a pair of lungs bigger than most heavyweights.

It was to this freak that I owed my good fortune in being able to last as long as I did, in spite of the liberties I took with my body. After each round of a fight into which I had gone in very poor shape I would sit in my corner, take about five very deep, slow breaths and feel like a new man for the next session.

To get back to my hardest battle. It was not, as I said before, fought in this country but back in Australia, when I was a kid just starting out on my boxing career. I hadn't yet developed my ring technique, although I was naturally fast and loved a fight. A negro fighter, known as Young Pluto, my leading rival in and around Melbourne, gave me my most trying moments in the ring. However, he didn't rate in ability with the men I faced after coming over to the States.



Wide World Photo

Paul Berlenbach knocking King Solomon through the ropes, a la Dempsey in bout with Luis Firpo.

BETWEEN the ages of eighteen and twenty I fought him six or seven times and our matches were always close. Our second bout was the hardest I ever went through, with the third running a close second to that. In those days, you know, we fought for the love of it, or to satisfy our pride, or to defend our honor.

I had fought Pluto an eight-round draw in the back of a Melbourne "pub," and feeling ran high between us. The negro, a self-confident fellow, was sure he could lick me if he got another chance. He got it a few months after our first meeting. I was sitting in the barroom of a Melbourne tavern, the name of which has slipped my memory, on a Saturday night when Pluto swaggered in. He seemed in bad humor and picked on one of the barmaids busy serving drinks. As I was a good friend of her sweetheart, who was not present at the time, I resented his insulting remarks and engaged in a verbal argument with Pluto. He became enraged and challenged me to a fight. Soon we were off on our second battle.

AND it was a fight, a real grudge affair. We slugged away at each other unmercifully. In the fourth round, I think it was, I broke my left hand on the negro's head, and thereafter fought him with one hand. I may say that I stood him off with honors more than even. The police broke into the room as we finished our seventeenth round and stopped the fight, which, as I remarked before, was against the law.

So grueling was that fight that both Pluto and I were removed to the hospital immediately, and he remained there for three months. His face was in very bad shape. I was allowed to go home after my broken hand had been set.

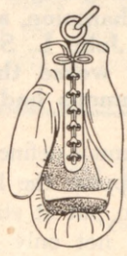
Interest in our rivalry ran high among the sports of Melbourne, and some time later another "private" fight was arranged for us. This one was to be to a finish on the turf just outside the city, and a purse of £200 was put up for us, winner take all.

THIS third fight with Young Pluto was my longest. It went to seventy rounds and terminated in the same way as did my second go with the negro.

As to my fights in this country, they were all about the same, although my battle with Joe Gans, in Athens, just outside of Philadelphia, on September 21, 1897, was the fastest of the lot. What surprised me that night was the startling improvement the great negro showed. When I first met him, frankly I didn't think much of him. But that night he was a master and we boxed through the speediest fifteen rounds I had ever gone, to a draw.

I would rate the best American fighters I have met as follows:—

1, Joe Gans; 2, Jack McAuliffe; 3, Kid Lavigne; 4, George Dixon.



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Training and Exercises for Boxers and Other Athletes

William A. Brady Discusses Fear

The Third of a Series of Ten Articles in Which the Author Will Quote Interviews with America's Greatest Authorities on the Subject

By NAT FLEISCHER

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"A FIGHTING man who has, by giving and taking hard knocks, won the title of champion of the world is one of the highest types of physical courage. Yet I say without danger of contradiction that every champion has suffered from ring fear—that is, has felt a morbid horror of meeting in the ring the challenger of the championship."

This was the gist of an interview given the other day by William A. Brady, whose experience as a successful manager of pugilistic champions entitles him to speak knowingly upon the subject.

"Ring fear is something that belongs with the championship and cannot be separated from it. It has nothing whatever to do with cowardice. No great fighter fears the pain caused by blows. I have known several champions; two of them, Corbett and Jeffries, I have known intimately. I have seen both of these men in situations in which their lives were in the greatest danger, and each bore himself with the calm courage of a hero."

"I know that no braver man than either of these ever stepped into the ring, yet Corbett dreaded going into the battle when he was champion, and Jeffries hated the idea. John L. Sullivan had ring fear far worse than either of them. Fitzsimmons had it when he was champion.

"What is ring fear? I cannot define it, but I can illustrate it. Suppose the late J. Pierpont Morgan had to put at stake in one Wall Street battle not only his Billion Dollar Steel Trust, but everything else that he owned. Suppose that if he had won that battle he would have been only a little bit richer, but that if he had lost he would be poor and ruined forever. Don't you think Mr. Morgan would be apprehensive and nervous for a few weeks before the day of the battle?

"BUT that explains only part of the basis of ring fear, the sordid part of it. There never yet was a fighting man who did not appreciate the great honor of being champion. The title really is great. There is no other honor on earth like it. Carlyle described it when he says: 'Neither was that an inconsiderable moment when wild men first raised their strongest aloft on the buckler-throne, and, with clanging armor and hearts, said solemnly, "Be thou our acknowledged strongest!" '

William A. Brady

"In those words the philosopher tells us how the primitive king was simply the champion fighter of his country. That old spirit still lives. The champion of the world today is king. Thousands hail him, cheer him, rush frantically to shake his hand, address him in terms of hysterical praise.

"The champion is always a young man who has never had a chance to enjoy luxurious surroundings. After a few good fights he finds himself the king, living on the fat of the land, waited on by many servants, flattered, worshipped, with thousands of dollars at his banker's, whereas he used to have a few stray ones or twos in his pocket. Do you wonder that he worries, frets, grows nervous and morose when he finds himself bound by articles of agreement to go into the ring and put all these honors and flatteries and riches to the hazard of a chance blow?

"THERE is the thing they all fear—a chance blow. Every one of them knows that he is the best man that ever stood in the ring—but suppose the other fellow lands a chance blow!—Crash!—ten seconds of unconsciousness—the king is dead! I doubt whether the greatest philosopher could escape ring fear if he had to face such a risk.

"Jeffries was as rugged and fearless as any man that ever lived. He was ready to face the greatest danger without a thought of apprehension. I know that when at home in Southern California he often went out alone in the Tehechapi range of mountains, near the Mojave Desert, for a bear hunt; no companion, no dog, no gun, just big Jeff out in the mountains, with a long knife for his only weapon.

"He slept among the trees without any idea of fear. He trailed a bear, overtook him, fought him, killed the wild beast and brought home the pelt. This he did again and again.

"Yet Jeff had ring fear. During the last few weeks before a fight he would set morose and alone in a corner for an hour at a time, with his eyes boring holes in the carpet, while he was worrying, scheming, scheming, going over the details of the battle. He weighed himself two or three times a day. He was always examining himself, finding an ankle sprained, or an elbow wrenched, or a knee-joint pushed out of place.

"That was all ring fear. It vanished the moment the bell rang and the fighting began because then he had no time

to think of the championship. He was all wrapped up in a pleasant fight.

"There was never a champion who didn't have nightmares about the battle, fight it all over in his dreams. Even Jeffries, who had the calmest, most phlegmatic temperament of them all, dreamt of his fights, and Corbett—night after night at Carson City he rolled over and fought in his bed, sound asleep, but clinching, punching, smashing his antagonist.

"BEFORE he was champion Jeff fought as gayly as a child playing tag. That was the natural spirit of the man. He'd fight anything that walked on two legs. He was the star member of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco. He turned professional pugilist. He fought the great Peter Jackson, the wonder of the world, before the California Athletic Club, an organization whose every member hated Jim.

"Yet Corbett went into their ring smiling and faced Jackson as if he were a mere boy instead of a world-beater. Jim laughed at him and laughed at his enemies in the club.

"Corbett never feared John L. Sullivan. During all the time he was training for that fight all Jim would say about him was: 'I only hope he'll be in good condition, so that he'll have no excuse when I've licked him.'

"In New Orleans they tried for two days they were there before the fight to have a meeting with Sullivan and 'throw a scare into' him. That is a legitimate detail of the fight game.

"Sullivan was the inventor of the plan of beating a man by frowning and scowling at him in the ring. Corbett knew all about that. He improved upon the scheme, as he did on every plan he took up. They knew that Sullivan was superstitious about being first in the ring, believing that the first man in is usually beaten, so they forced him to be the first man by backing away politely in the crowd and so sending him ahead.

"WHEN the two fighters came together at the center for the handshake Jim knew Sullivan would scowl as he shook hands and try to crunch his fingers; so he quickly grabbed Sullivan's hand, wrenched it and threw it from him; then mimicked Sullivan's fierce scowl and grinned at him in mockery and asked:

"How do you like that for a change?" Then he came back to his corner and began pointing across the ring at John L. and snickering at him. He had the big fellow guessing. John had never fought that kind of a man before.

Yet as soon as that battle was over and the wild cheering quieted enough for me to hear him, what did Corbett say:

"'I don't want the championship. I will resign it. I've licked the best man that ever fought, and I'm through.'

"Ring fear, you see, as soon as he became champion. He made everybody wait who wanted to fight. Maher, Slavin, Fitzsimmons and the others were put off on one excuse or another.

"And when Corbett trained for Fitzsimmons at Carson City he was so beset by ring fear that he was irritable, anxious, inventing almost daily new punches or new methods of training. On the day of the battle he was up at five-thirty o'clock in the morning—two hours earlier than usual—and away for a long run on the road.

"Why? Ring fear was dogging him, and he had to do violent exercise to counteract it.

"Fitzsimmons had ring fear. That explains why he wrestled with his pony, fought his young lion, tackled nickel-in-the-slot electric batteries on the boardwalk and did all sorts of buffoonish tricks in public just before he fought Jeffries. The ring fear was there, and Fitz had to do something odd, uncommon, unusual to shake it off.

"We added to Fitz's ring fear the night Jeffries beat him and took away his championship. Julian asked me something about how we should break out of clinches.

"What's the use of our discussing it?" I said. "Let Fitz come here." So honest Fitz came to our dressing room beside the arena. I suppose he expected to find an overgrown boy, afraid of him. Instead of that he found big, powerful Jeff, all rigged up, smiling and waiting for him. He had barely opened his mouth when Jeff grabbed him around the body and flung him up against the wall.

"'Here's my idea of what goes in a clinch,' he said, and then—bang! slam! biff!—he whirled poor Fitz around, hustled him across the room, banged him against the walls and crunched the breath out of him.

"The critics said that night Fitz fought as if he had been hypnotized. I guess he was.

"The great John L. Sullivan had ring fear. When he was making his way to the top he'd fight any time. Yet from the moment Sullivan won the championship ring fear possessed him. That is why he became surly and quarrelsome when training to defend his championship title, why he broke training and terrorized his associates at times, and why on the way to the ringside he was moody and irritable."

THE TALKER

By Ray I. Hoppman

THERE'S one type of fighter who gives us the blues
And that is the fellow who hullabaloos.
He spreads lots of chatter before a ring bout,
And tells in detail how he'll knock his man out,
He says to reporters "Just take this from me,
This bout is my gravy, it's kid's A. B. C.
The bigger they are, why the harder they fall,
A shift and a wallop, the curtain, that's all.
I like the big fellows, they're easy to hit
For I am the knat's adenoids, you'll admit.
Come forth with the cameras!" he strikes a brave pose
With his glove on the tip of a stablemate's nose.
A wrinkled up forehead and eyes with a squint
And a sneer on his kisser look quite well in print.
But that kind of bird when he gets in the ring
Usually hears little katydids sing,
For a real he-man fighter, the kind a fan loves,
Doesn't fight with a dodgasted thing but his gloves
And that sort of fellow I hardly need tell
Wades into the fray at the opening bell.
You can't win with mottoes or posing or bluff,
You've got to come through with the real sort of stuff.
For talk never once put a man on the floor,
It won't win decisions on points, and what's more
The fellow who has the best chance to make good
Is the bird who chirps little but saws lots of wood.

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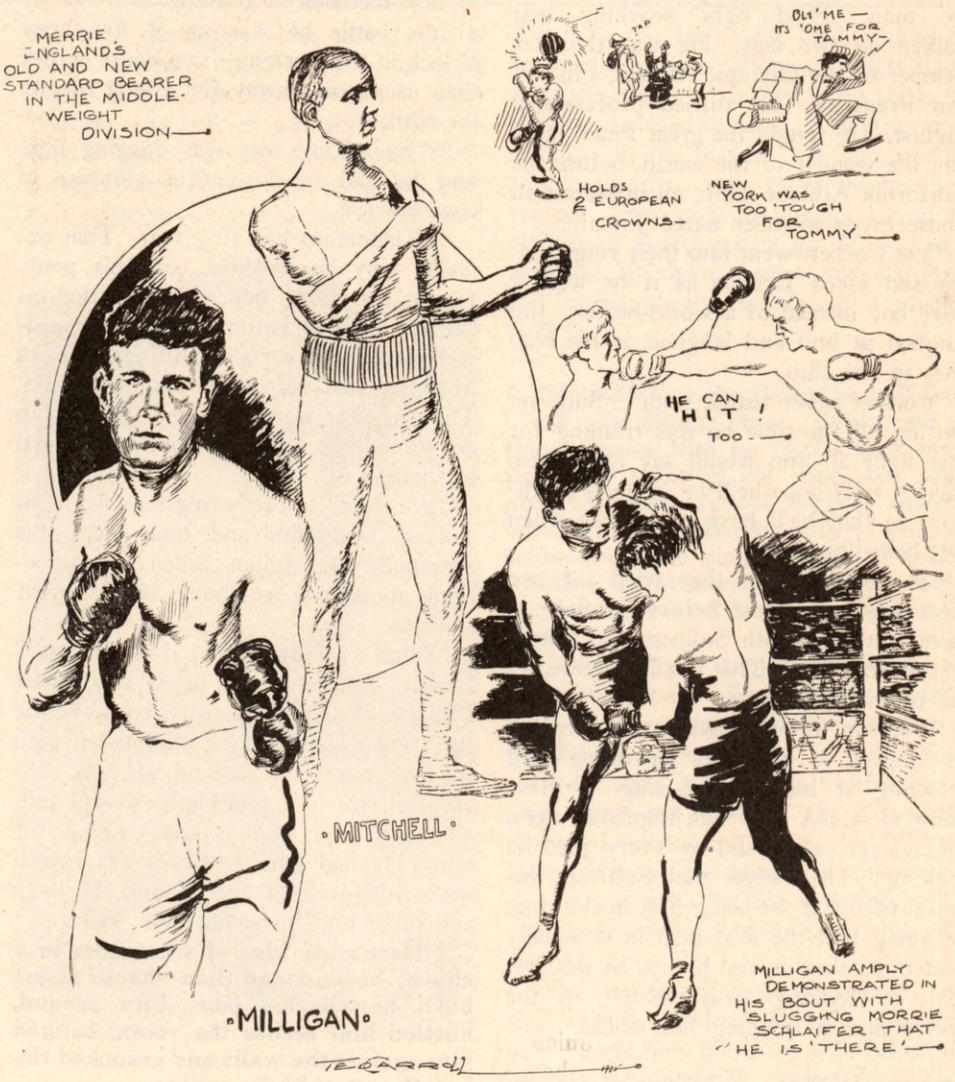
Tommy Milligan Most Promising of John Bull's Fighters

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

WHILE the December issue of The Ring is rushing to press, Tommy Milligan is coming back from his beloved Scotland to continue where he left off in America four months ago when he made a profound impression upon fans and critics alike by the skillful manner in which he vanquished the rough, tough Morrie Schlaiffer. Homesickness more than anything else prompted the European welter and middleweight champion to pack up his duds and sail for Hamilton, Scotland. His return undoubtedly will perk up things in both divisions. Director Tex Rickard has signed Tommy for three bouts against as many formidable antagonists, to be held in the New Madison Square Garden early in 1926.

Seein' is believin'. In other words, Tommy's boxing wizardry, in conjunction with his hard hitting displayed in the Schlaiffer encounter, which remain indelibly on our mind, makes us feel secure in the opinion that when the young man gets acclimated he will make our Mickey Walker look like the proverbial tyro. He is the most finished fighting product sent over here by John Bull since the halcyon days of Jem Driscoll.

Milligan is not the parlor boxer some Englishmen are, but a two-fisted hitter of the Stanley Ketchel type. His boxing is a treat for the eye. He has everything, and most important, he is a soldier under fire. There is no telling how far the Scotch-Mick will go. If he catches Harry Greb out of shape—the Pittsburgh windmill can't go on forever—Tommy will surely topple him off the top rung of the middleweight ladder. Bear this in mind.



MILLIGAN is managed by Billy Ames, of Clifton, Mass. Billy has another wonderful prospect in Frank Moody, who has lived up to the sobriquet of the "walloping Welshman." Three other good scrappers sponsored by the popular Ames are Walter Price, featherweight champion of Wales; Wee Willie Woods, undisputed flyweight king of the New England States, and Tod Smith, labeled "lightweight contender." Looks like Billy has a corner on Brittannia's pugilistic market. He should clean up a fortune. They are hard working young lads. Ames is supreme. Any and all matches made by him are welcomed by the quintet. It is a happy family.

We didn't know until Ames showed us a clipping culled from the Sydney Referee under date of June 13, 1923, that he has been handling fighters twenty-two years. He is one of the best known and popular figures in British boxing. The remainder of the interesting article on Ames's career follows:

"Ames is regarded as one of the Old Country's shrewdest judges of a boxer, and his clever matchmaking has long been accepted as a byword by the men that matter, for his wide knowledge of by a bad accident to give up the ring and track activities at an early age, the grand old game has been culled from the hard school of experience. A splendid athlete himself, he was forced but he immediately took up the business management side and met with instantaneous success. He was associated with Mr. Hugh D. MacIntosh when the noted Australian set the fashion of big society shows in London fifteen years ago, and since then he has always figured at the top of the promotional tree.

"CHAMPIONS galore have passed through his hands; in the past

season alone he staged no fewer than nine European championship bouts, but the distinction he prizes beyond all others fell to his lot on March 21, 1921. On that date he was honored by direct Royal Command and at Knowsley Hall, the residence of the Earl of Derby, he staged a private boxing tournament graced by the presence of thir Majesties King George and Queen Mary, H. R. H. the Duke of York, Prince Henry and H. R. H. Princess Mary, and supported by the most distinguished gathering that ever sat at any ringside in boxing history."

"Dem's sweet woids," to quote Izzy the Painter.

Ames is an exceptionally bright individual. We tripped into him the night Moody flattened Kid Norfolk in four rounds at the Yankee Stadium. "I have been in the fight racket from every conceivable angle—as a more or less useful slugger, second, trainer, manager, promoter and sports writer," disclosed Billy.

"This is my third trip to the States and I hope it will be the last. I want to stay here until I pass out of the picture for keeps. I am pinning my faith to Frank Moody and Tommy Milligan to win world's titles. I had the first flyweight champion of the world in Sid Smith—the boy who lost it to Jimmy Wilde."

To get back to Milligan. He was born of Irish parents at Hamilton, Scotland, on March 2, 1904, and christened Thomas Patrick Milligan. Hamilton, a small town situated twelve miles from Glasgow, is a pugilistic hotbed. In the past ten years it has developed a hundred near boxing champions, and two actual titleholders—Jim Higgins, European bantam champion, and Milligan himself.

MILLIGAN took to the ring professionally less than three years ago, but made an immediate hit by knocking out Jack Kirk, a classy feather, in his first battle. In quick order Tommy disposed of all the other 126 pounders, then proceeded to rage through the heavier divisions like a tornado. Growing rapidly Milligan entered the welter class and without a single setback climbed right through to the top. Britain's best division during the past ten years has been her welters. Johnny Brown, tutor of the Marquis of Clydesdale, was regarded as a sure bet for titular honors, but Milligan disposed of his claims by a knockout in eleven rounds.

Johnny Sullivan, a high class youngster, was thought sufficiently well of to be taken under the wing of the astute Descamps and Georges Carpentier, but once again Milligan's deadly right hand smashed another championship hope. Joe Rolfe, protege of the National Sporting Club, London, was then spoken of as unbeatable, but Milligan quickly dispelled that idea by stopping him in five.

Three smashing victories brought Milligan a welter title battle with Ted (Kid) Lewis, a veteran, but still a mighty tough assignment for a youngster to tackle. They fought in Edinburgh and Milligan won a decisive victory on points. Lewis professed to be unsatisfied and clamored for a return bout, which was promptly given and was fought out at the National. A grudge battle. Both stood toe to toe and slugged like demons. By the third round the Kid was punched full of holes and when in the fourth Ted clung on for dear life he was finally disqualified —this alone saving him from a certain knockout.

BRUNO FRATTINI, Italian middleweight, who had wrested the Eudopean title from Roland Todd, was challenged by Milligan. Though only a welter Tommy hopelessly outclassed his man from the start and won by a city block on points after twenty rounds.

Milligan has taken part in fifty-three ring battles and has never been defeated, either by a decision, a knockout or a technicality. From every bout in which he has engaged Milligan emerged victorious. Tommy stands five feet eight and one-half inches, has apparently finished his growth and is still a legitimate welter. He is built of steel and whipcord, so to speak. Milligan is amazingly tough, an aggressive, spectacular fighter and a masterly body puncher. He has proved the greatest box office attraction Europe has ever known—his style, methods and ring personality an irresistable magnet. Tommy is a mighty likeable fellow with a strong, determined personality.

He is a staunch Catholic, observing the tenets of his faith to the very letter. Tall, blond, almost too good looking to be a fighter, Milligan instantly alters this impression when the first bell rings. He was discovered by Tom Murphy, developer of many champions in Europe. He will train for the prospective Rickard engagements at Ames's farm.

If environment and tradition have anything to do with ring success, then surely Moody is earmarked for a world's title. He is fast outgrowing the middleweight division. To-day he scales 164 pounds. Ames, who ought to know what he is talking about, insists that the socking Welshman will make the stipulated 160 for Greb. The big, likeable boy who did such a masterly job on Kid Norfolk hails from Pontypridd, the little Welsh mining village which raised Freddie Welsh, Jimmy Wilde and the great, never-to-be-forgotten Jem Driscoll.

AFTER he knocked the skids from under the ancient Kid's legs in four rounds, Moody trekked to Philadelphia, where he trounced Vincent Lopez. His next victim was Larry Estridge, recognized negro middleweight champ. He almost made Homer Robinson jump over the ropes in Newark, N. J., the night Harry Wills paralyzed Floyd Johnson with a couple of healthy smacks on body and jaw. Homer was scared stiff of Moody and refused to fight. He was thrown out of the ring by the referee and his money held up by the New Jersey solons.

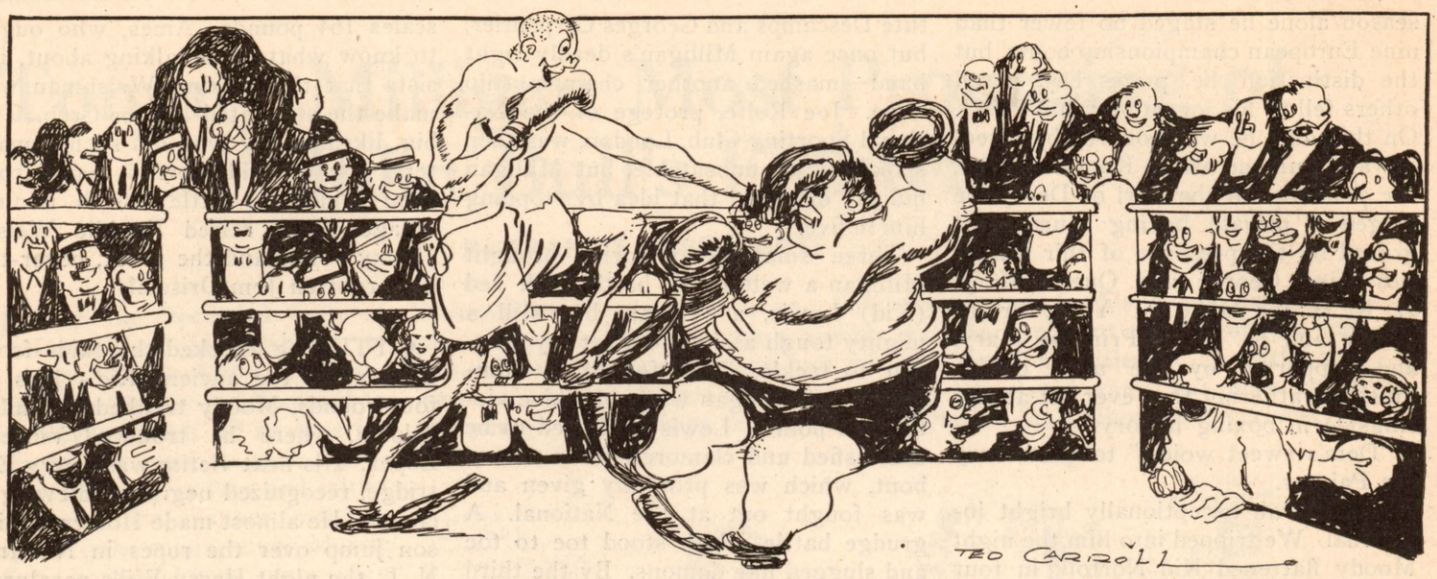
Living up to the reputation established by Welsh, Wilde and Driscoll for the high quality of Welsh boxing, is a task Moody takes most seriously. How well he has succeeded is evidenced by the fact that during his stay of nearly two years in this country he has come out on the losing end but three times—on each occasion the breaks were decidedly against him.

The eldest of a family of twelve, Moody's life has been a struggle for existence from the very start. He went to work in his native coal mines at the early age of eleven to earn only a few shillings weekly as a trolley boy. As he grew bigger and stronger he became a full fledged collier, working on the coal face eight hundred feet below the surface. Frank stuck to this toil until late in 1923, when he was finally persuaded by his present manager to quit digging coal and make boxing his profession instead of a remunerative side line.

Pitboys are notoriously pugilistic, and young Moody soon established himself as a terror, carrying off several pitboy boxing competitions. On December 26, 1915, he won his first championship, the pitboy's national tournament at 98 pounds. A fourteen-year-old champion!

In 1916 he began as a professional, meeting some of the best flyweights in the country and making highly creditable showings. He grew so rapidly, however, that he never stayed in one class long enough to be considered for a title match, but on four different oc-

(*Continued on page* 25)



In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

HAMLET AND OTHELLO

SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE IN AMERICAN BOXING

Reel No. 1—Hamlet Soliloquizes

HAMLET DEMPSEY (Champion of Denmark and way stations)—To fight Othello Wills, or not to fight him? That is the question. There comes a rapping and a tapping at my chamber door, and I hear the Roman mob hurling their nightcaps into the air and shouting for the King to meet the contender.

DESDEMONA TAYLOR DEMPSEY—What ho, my liege, hast rung for help in cogitation?

HAMLET DEMPSEY—Yea, Desdemona, bring me my handkerchief. I am driven to tears and distraction by the Moor Wills, who wouldst bust me in mine new nose, which hath cost me plenty of kopecks. You know, Desdemona, I have no yen to mingle with Othello. He hath an uncouth manner of the stevedore.

DESDEMONA—You said a mouthful, King!

HAMLET DEMPSEY—I like not Wills's lean and hungry look. I don't trust these bozos who are in shape for a fight. I like to mingle with sleek and fat fighters—preliminary birds who sleep o' nights—and in the daytime as well—and believe the canvas of the ring is a blarsted mattress, inviting them to slumber ever and anon. Away with this hideous nightmare, away with the Moor and the signed papers. Let King Tunney take him on, and bad cess to the pair of them.

Reel No. 2—The Bells!

There is a ringing of bells.

HAMLET DEMPSEY (with hands held in air, mad-like)—The bells, the bells—the ringside bells! Ah, they drive me mad! Wedding bells, sleigh bells, church bells—any but ringside bells! Shut the windows, Desdemona—turn on the radio with its mad static, start the Victrola with an old needle. Let the retainers hammer cymbals madly—let them shut out the sound oi the ringside bells. Methinks that Prince George Rickard hath started those bells to ringing—and verily they sound lounder than the bell he had at Toledo.

RETAINER—My Lord Hamlet there is a bozo outside who says his name is Fitzsimmons and he doth insist that you have a date with him to mingle with Othello Wills in some foreign country which he calleth Indiana or Michigan.

HAMLET DEMPSEY—Throw him on his phizz, varlet. Let him not come near my castle. 'Tis true, I did sign papers for a fight in the provinces, but doth the man think me crazy to joust for the depreciated exchange of Indiana or Michigan? Doth he not know that the real kale is in New York or My Lord Boyle's Dirty Acres in Jersey City?

SECOND RETAINER—My Lord, a Moor by the name of Harrie is out at the moat and he shouts for combat. He hath issued a bold challenge and hath nailed his mailed chest protector on our drawbridge as a defiance.

HAMLET DEMPSEY—Odds bodkins, gas hang it—tell him I am gone to Kokomo or Mexico. And stay, I have an idea, strange as it may seem. Let us hence to Mexico. Pack our grips. Get ready the trunks—no, varlet, not the fighting trunks. The Neverbreaks. Pack them with my dress suit and dancing pumps, my movie paraphernalia and Jack Kearns's address. Let us hence to the land of the Mexicanos. There will be no Wills there.

(They leave by the rear gate and are off to Mexico.)

Reel No. 3—The Flight

Five days later, at Monterey, Mexico.

The scene is laid in Dempsey's suite in a hotel. Hamlet is playing authors with his trainers. There is a noise and a hullabaloo and the door is broken down.

FIRST DARK GENDARME—Hah, the Americano plays cards for those money. He is a gambler. Put him in the boobyhatch and lose the key. He will not fight that Wills and I am relate to Harrie through my wife's family.

SECOND DARK GENDARME—Of a surety, Hamlet play those authors for dollare. First we confiscate those dollare. Feefty-seex dollare. Ah, a fortune. Hamlet is broke and will have to fight Wills, with whom I am relate on my father's side.

HAMLET DEMPSEY—There is no escape! The bells, the bells, the damned ringside bells! They din in my caulifowers, even here in Mexico. Let us away, varlets!

Hamlet and his retainers skip from the scene in wild confusion and head for Los Angeles.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

PARIS, Nov. 1.—(Special Correspondence of The Ring).—There was considerable commotion after the decision rendered by Moss Deyong, who is one of the most experienced and well liked of all the referees in England, when he named Johnny Brown as the winner over Harry Mason, in a welterweight contest held at Albert Hall in London recently. Experts called it a close one, and when Deyong awarded the verdict to Brown, several fights started throughout the arena. Then one of the most amazing things that ever happened in boxing in England developed. Promoter Jacobs entered the ring, and impeached the decision of the referee.

Deyong has been appointed by the "Sporting Life" for many years past to referee, for the reason that the paper had confidence in his capacity, and in his fairness. When Jacobs from the ring said that Deyong would never be permitted to referee in any contest organized by the syndicate of Albert Hall, it was a reflection on the honor, or the judgment of Deyong, or both.

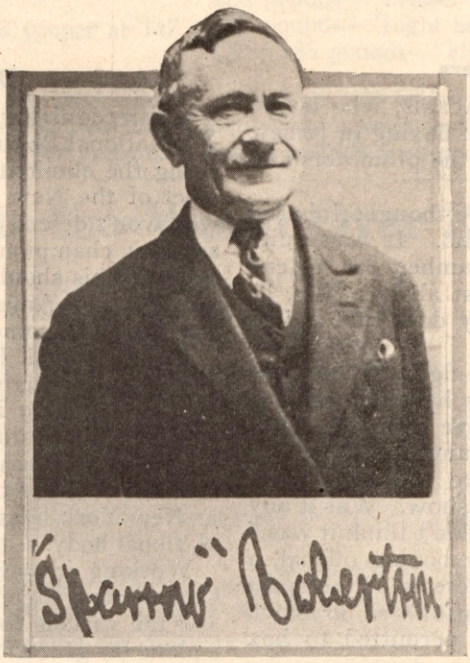
Persons who have a liking for the game of boxing in England were amazed at the audacity of Jacobs making such remarks that reflected on the integrity of Deyong, and considered it the most disastrous thing that has happened to English boxing for many years.

Roaring Days in Paris

THE boxing game in France has been going along very well so far this season, and before the first of January there will be several International fights. The class of fighters of course will not be up to that seen in the United States. Still, the boys battling in the Paris rings do real fighting. It is seldom that one will see any stalling, and after all, it is fighting the enthusiasts want to witness, even if science is lacking.

Soldier Jones, the Canadian heavyweight, who has been boxing fairly well in England for the past year, has been matched against the Portuguese champion, Camarao, for a fight to take place during the first two weeks in November, at Lisbon or Oporto. Camarao is the giant they are grooming for a trip to the United States next spring. From what the writer has heard of him he has considerable to learn about the fighting game.

Fred Bretonnel, the former French lightweight champion, who now is in the welterweight division, recently fought Alf Mancini, an Englishman, who has not lost a fight during the past eighteen months, at the "Ring," London. The bout went the fifteen scheduled rounds and the decision went to Mancini, but it was a mighty close one and if it had been given to Bretonnel one could not have called it a bad ver-



dict. It was a keen bout. Bretonnel will sail for the United States early next year for a few bouts which have been arranged for him in the West.

The American negro, Taylor, was knocked out in the second round by Marcel Nilles, the former French heavyweight champion, in a recent bout held at the Salle Wagram arena, Paris. The result was a big surprise to the fight fans of the "Gay City." Nilles trained out at his farm and was in splendid condition, while Taylor did his training around the Montmartre district of Paris.

Monument for Perry

THE sporting fraternity of England do not forget the old timers who have passed away. Funds are now being raised for preserving a spot in Dudley Churchyard, where the remains of the famous old boxer, Billy Perry, better known as the "Tipton Slasher," lie. In 1857, the "Slasher" fought Tom Sayers for the championship, and met with defeat. Some years prior to that time Perry was credited with being the world's ring champion after defeating Paddock. A massive stone will be erected to the memory of Perry with the funds which are being raised.

The famous old Luna Park in Paris, where Americans fought Georges Carpentier prior to the war, will open again as a fight emporium within the next few weeks. The first fight to be held there upon the reopening will have for the headliners Paul Fritsch and Alverel, a pair of lightweights that always give the customers a run for their money.

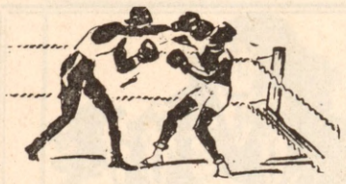
Paolino on Way

DESCAMPS will sail for the States early in December with Georges Carpentier, Paolino, the Spanish heavyweight, Molina and Paul Fritsch. The general has bouts scheduled for Carpentier and Paolino. Only a short time ago the Spanish champion defeated Phil Scott, the best of the English heavyweights, by a knockout. Paolino can beat any man in Europe. He has a punch in both hands.

Ted ("Kid") Lewis, the former world's welterweight champion, was matched for 15 rounds with the French "welter," Thuru, who, by the way, is making quite a name for himself, at the recent Albert Hall entertainment. Lewis, however, was disqualified for fouling in the first round.

Andre Routis and "Kid" Francis, a pair of cracking good bantams, will meet for the French championship, at the Cirque de Paris, about the first of November. Both are fast and hard hitters.

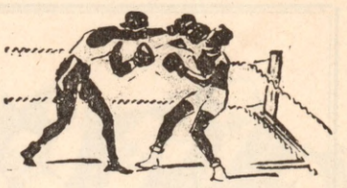
(*Continued on page 27*)



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



THE terrible blunder of matching Harry Wills with Floyd Johnson, has had its reaction. Already the enemies of boxing, and there are still many around the country, are taking their cue from the jeers and howls of derision which greeted the knockout of Floyd by Wills in the Newark Armory in two minutes, and are shouting from the housetops for the elimination of boxing.

When the promoters of this contest pulled this faux pas they did not do so blindly. There was not a sports writer in the Metropolitan district who did not from the start condemn the match and call upon the New Jersey Boxing authorities to prevent the slaughter. These promoters knew, as did the fight critics, that not by the remotest stretch of imagination, could Floyd Johnson hope to remain three rounds with Wills unless Harry's both hands were tied or the fight was faked.

Yet did the promoters heed public opinion? Indeed not! They even were backed to the limit by the New Jersey State Boxing Board.

They might just as well have matched One-Eyed Connolly with Paul Berlenbach for the semi-final, Kid Broad with Young Stribling for the first six rounder and Young Griffo with Mickey Walker for the second bout.

* * * * *

Adams Defends Promoters

IT is interesting to note that Platt Adams, who is the man at the helm in the supervision of boxing in Jersey, comes to the front with a defense of the promoters and the State's boxing head by declaring:

"Certainly, it was a rotten show, but we thought Johnson was capable of doing better than he did. It was quite apparent that Wills knew he had his number, for instead of playing a cautious game as he almost always does, he sailed right in from the start. He rarely does that unless he's sure of his man.

"There was nothing crooked about the fight. I am positive of that. I am certain that if Wills had followed his usual tactics and not taken the aggressive from the start, Johnson might have lasted a couple of rounds.

"At the same time I don't see where the New York papers see their way clear to razzing this show. Was it any worse than the Wills-Weinert show? I don't think it was."

Does not Mr. Adams, a most capable boxing official, a man who in our opinion has the true interests of the sport at heart, here testify to the fact that Johnson was no match for Wills and should never have been permitted to box the negro?

"Had Wills followed his usual tactics and not taken the aggressive from the start, Johnson might have lasted a couple of rounds," says Mr. Adams.

Is this proper matchmaking? Is there any reason for staging a bout in which the State Boxing Commission feels an opponent will not last three rounds unless his rival engages in stalling tactics?

The least said about this contest the better for the sport.

Let us have no more of these battles for those who stage them are jeopardizing the sport and paving the way for sounding its death knell.

* * * * *

Points to Harmony

THE solution of the many difficult problems which confront boxing due to the lack of a controlling national organization, seems to be close at hand. The National Boxing Association, comprising twenty-six states, at its annual meeting a few weeks ago, not only officially recognized two of the champions created by the New York State Board, Jimmy Goodrich and Louis Kid Kaplan, but also went on record as favoring the action of the Empire State Commission in arraigning Jack Dempsey before the boxing world for his tactics.

The action of the National Association representatives indicates that the time is not far off when this organization will be able to get within its fold the few states which to date have refused to join, New York included among these, and when this takes place, boxing is certain to enjoy the greatest period of prosperity it ever has had.

The only difference of opinion in the matter of champions between the Commission representing New York and the solons from other states was relative to Fidel La Barba, flyweight champion and in this case we feel that the New York State Board has erred in not recognizing the Coast boxer as title holder. Fidel La Barba, by all the rules which ever governed boxing, is the flyweight champion and no boxing commission can take that title from him. The only way La Barba can lose the crown he won from Genaro, is by being knocked out, losing on a foul or losing the verdict in a decision contest.

* * * * *

Defends New York Board

BY recognizing Goodrich and Kaplan as champions, the National Boxing Association has gone on record as favoring the elimination of idle champions and approving the edict of the New York State Commission that champions who won't defend their title are not wanted in the sport and and new champions will be declared through an elimination series. This should help the game considerably and should prove to the American public that created champions are not the jokes some would make them.

The National Boxing Association deserves credit for the work it carried on this year. It deserves credit for seeking harmony in the boxing ranks, and for the manner in which it has stood by the work of the New York solons, who after all, have nothing but the good of the sport at heart. It is only too bad that such a splendid organization as New York boasts of cannot see its way clear to join the National body.

Working in harmony, the New York and the National Commission, together with the International Boxing Union and the various foreign boxing boards, can raise boxing to a plane far greater than ever anticipated. Then title defense dodgers will actually be forced to take on logical contenders once every six months.

* * * * *

Berlenbach Wins 'Em Over

PAUL BERLENBACH continues to show improvement with every fight. The new light heavyweight champion, the only title holder who seems to fear no one, has proved himself a real worthy holder of a fistic crown. Unlike the champions who did a lot of promising before they won their titles and then proceeded to go into their shells, Paul has shown that he fears none, and is ready and eager to tackle them all, even unto Jack Dempsey.

The time was when even his fellow New Yorkers gave Berlenbach what is known as the "razzberry," but things have changed. Paul has won recognition both for his ability and his willingness to trade punches.

(*Continued on page* 24)

Nature Dictates New Weight Limit in Boxing Classes

By JOHN D. MICHAEL

THE weight limits of the various boxing divisions always have been a source of bitter argument, and justly so, for they have been, and are, crudely arranged.

From close observation, it seems that Nature has balanced the proper weight classifications. For instance, the late Pancho Villa and Frankie Genaro had no difficulty making 113 pounds without noticeably weakening themselves, but were greatly troubled by the necessity of making 112 pounds. This point is brought out in every match at the flyweight limit.

Again, in the bantam division, Joe Lynch lost his championship trying to make 118 pounds, though he weighed around 120 when at his best. This also is the case with Abe Goldstein and others, including the present champion, Rosenberg. In the feathers we have the boys in perfect fighting trim at 128 pounds. This is proved by Kid Kaplan, K. O. Chaney, and score of others, yet the featherweight limit is 126 pounds, two pounds less than Nature dictates.

Again we have the spectacle of men too heavy for the present lightweight limit and far too light for welters, quite orphaned between these two categories, when they could make 137 pounds with ease. This goes for "Pinkey" Mitchell, Nate Goldman, and Lew Tendler. In time, boys like Mandell and Sid Terris will find this a boon.

The welter and the middleweight limits seem proper at 147 and 158, respectfully.

BUT now we come to a problem. Boys like MacTigue, Tiger Flowers, Jimmy Slattery, Jack Delaney, Paul Berlenbach, all weigh around 170 pounds, and can never make the middleweight limit of 158 pounds. Yet, they are six and seven pounds lighter than 175 pounds, the accepted "light-heavyweight" limit. And then, men like Tunney and Gibbons are slightly too light for the heavyweights, weighing within 185 pounds, and yet unable to reduce to 175 pounds and be at their best.

So it seems wise old Nature has ordered two divisions here; one at 170 pounds, which might be called the "cruiser" weight, an Australian monniker that seems to fit perfectly; and make the light-heavyweight limit at 185 pounds, which would accommodate many a good man, who cannot cope against the leviathans of the ring like Dempsey and Wills.

Thus Nature seems to have categorized men between the age of 26 and 31, the years of the highest pugilistic achievements, as any boxing follower will readily admit, as follows:

113 pounds—Flyweight .....Frankie Genaro
120 pounds—Bantam .....Charley Rosenberg
128 pounds—Feather .....Kid Kaplan
137 pounds—Lightweight .....Jimmy Goodrich
147 pounds—Welter .....Mickey Walker
158 pounds—Middleweight .....Harry Greb (?)
170 pounds—"Cruiser" weight .....Paul Berlenbach
185 pounds—"Light heavyweight" .....Gene Tunney
Over 185 pounds—"Heavyweight" .....Jack Dempsey

Greb actually finds it difficult to make the middleweight limit, and justly belongs in the "cruiser" weight; but at present true middleweights are scarce.

Boxing Enthusiasts the World Over Read the Ring

WHILE the Ring publisher and his assistants are always pleased, naturally, at new and renewed subscriptions, nothing gives them quite the satisfaction that an order from a faraway port does. To know that in little out of the way trading stations scattered through the Pacific Ocean, in the midst of sparsely settled wastes and in countrys where the sound of an American voice is a rarity, a boxing enthusiast is awaiting monthly a copy of this magazine keeps the Editor and his staff on their toes trying to make good for the fellow who must depend on The Ring for his news.

Men who can go around the corner to see the fights, big and little, chaps who have one or many daily papers telling them of the doing in Fistiana can easily keep their appetites whetted for boxing. It is not so easy for the chap who sees a periodical printed in his own tongue only on the occasions when a trading vessel halts long enough to throw off a bag of mail, a bag that is often only too small.

This month's quota of new subscribers include boxing fans in Australia, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Saskatchewan, Alaska, Quebec, England, Papeete (South Sea Islands) and Manitoba. In many of these cases, The Ring must travel over land and sea for distances greater than 10,000 miles before it reaches the hands of the subscriber.

It makes the game worth the candle for the staff to know that their work is carrying the news of a pastime they love to patient souls almost beyond the limits of civilization itself. Here are just a few of our new subscribers:

J. H. Lukey, Northcote, Melbourne, Australia.

Narcisco J. Amadeo, Vega Alta, Porto Rico.

L. D. Catts, Croydon, N. S. W., Australia.

Captain, Company B, 3rd U. S. Engineers, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.

Norman Mackenzie, Regina, Sask., Canada.

G. B. Robinson, Elgin, Manitoba, Canada.

James Brennan, P. O. B. 4, Petersburg, Alaska.

J. E. Vezina, Quebec, Canada.

Morris Goldberg, Leeds, England.

M. Davis P. T. O., Hammersmith, London, W., 6, England.

Frank Quinlan, Raiatia Uturoa, via San Francisco and Papeete, care Allen Aurentz.

Harry Cleveland, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England.

Why Sandow and Other Strongmen Die Before They Reach Age of Sixty

By BILL BROWN
(Famous Conditioner and Health Expert.)

ONLY the other day we read of the death of the great Sandow in England, at the age of fifty-eight. Not long before that the world was startled by the news that Breitbart had died over on the other side. These developments have made some folks sceptical about strong men and their methods,—about physical training and conditioning in general.

It's not fair to pass judgment on all strong men, on all physical training systems, and conditioning methods, just because many of these wonders die before they reach the age of sixty. They pass away because, while they know what to tell others, they themselves fail to live up to their own rules. They do not learn the secret of moderation. They fail to realize that every man has his physical limit.

Only the other day the once famous Ajax, who after retirement from the New York police force became a private detective at a big bank, forgot all he learned about physical limits. He tried to lift a big sack of bullion and fell to the ground in pain. He had strained his heart. Had Ajax recognized the fact that moderation is the keynote of life he would have made no attempt to lift that sack,—and he would be a hale and hearty man. But he forgot himself.

I AM a "bug" on the subject of moderation. But I'm not the first one. So was Benjamin Franklin. So was Cornaro, that fifteenth century Italian who discovered how to live after forty years of excesses. Actually what he discovered was common sense. Excessively long hours of work, or play; excess of any kind, Franklin and Cornaro learned, was harmful; worse, it was poisonous.

They were exceptional men and they altered their living habits as they gained in wisdom, but the modern man who prides himself on being harnessed to civilization wants to eat his cake and have it too.

Look at William Muldoon, now one of New York's State's boxing commissioners. Muldoon is 80 years old, and he is a remarkable physical specimen. He has learned the secret of moderation. George Bothner is fifty-seven years old, and still able to toddle about, beating men of twenty-two at handball and downing men of twenty-five on the wrestling mat. I'm a little past fifty myself, and I still am able to do a good day's work at my place at Garrison.

All men, all machines, have their limits. You can run a little delivery truck for years and years, and with good treatment it will give you fine service. But put a lot of heavy steel beams on that truck and it will break down. Nor can you run a machine or a human right up to the last notch of speed very long. A motor car may be run up to seventy miles an hour, but run that car at that speed for a spell and it will give way.

PERSONALLY, I am opposed to weight lifting and all the other exercises which strain a man's heart and his other muscles. You know, the heart is a muscle just like your biceps, and it can stand just so much. Why experiment in an effort to learn the exact limit?

In all the years I have been engaged in conditioning men I never have had dumb bells weighing more than three pounds about my place. The fact is that I am opposed to dumb bells and other paraphernalia of that character.

To the man in the street I say,—pay no attention to such things as the Sandow and Breitbart deaths. Incidentally Breitbart died of blood poisoning brought on by a scratch.

Don't forget that the greatest conditioner is a hike. Start with a mile or so and gradually work up to six or seven miles. And dress properly for that work, in sweat clothes. The more you can open your sweat pores the better for you.

THERE is one thing that is true of nearly all men. They neglect their bodies. They put work, or pleasure, ahead of the living structure that houses their soul, their personality and yet they are amazed when they discover that you may not injure one without injuring the other. Irritability, quick fatigue, lack of energy to carry out the day's work, a hundred and one other unpleasant reactions of that neglect and abuse are observed by these self-made victims but few of them ever reason from effect back to cause.

The cause of sixty per cent of physical ailments in this civilization of ours, I should say, is overeating. You keep feeding a horse and keep him idle and inside of a week or two weeks that horse will be paralyzed. Yet that is precisely what many men who are not toiling with their hands are doing. They sit at a desk, they ride on suburban trains, in automobiles, in street cars, subways, airplanes, and what not. The thing is they ride.

That means they walk very little. They have altered the character of the life for which their bodies were designed without altering the mechanism, except as they have spoiled it. They have stuffed themselves with fuel and then neglected to burn that fuel up or to eliminate it.

Consequently they are in the condition of a furnace fire that has been crammed with coal and not had the ashes drawn. A fire in such a furnace, now, is pretty nearly out.

As We See It—Editorial Comment

(*Continued from page 22*)

THE New York State Commission usually is correct in its analysis of situations and its judgment on knotty points. But it is not infallible,—and it recognizes that fact.

For example, there is its latest dictum that no count is to be started on a fallen boxer unless his opponent is at a distance. This ruling is meant to give a square deal to the man knocked down. It does. It gives him much too much.

There is a growing tendency among commissions to standardize the officials,—to remove the human equation as much as possible and make the ring arbiters automatons whose every move is guided by a rule. This cannot be done in a sport so thoroughly human as boxing.

It behooves the commissions to appoint only thoroughly qualified and square officials. Then it behooves the commissions to stand by these officials.

The new rule of the New York Commission is in contravention of the cardinal rule of the ring—that a man must come to scratch within ten seconds after he is knocked down. The count must be started as soon as a boxer has any part of his body except his feet on the canvas.

Boxers are only human. They are subject to excitement. Let the referee see to it that the man scoring the knockdown is at a safe distance from the boxer felled.

But don't give any boxer knocked down more than ten seconds to come to scratch again.

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TOMMY MILLIGAN

(*Continued from page* 19)

casions he won battles from the established champion of the class he was in.

ALL this time, right up until 1923, Moody stuck at his job of digging coal. Whenever he had a fight on Frank would get himself put on an early shift, work eight hours in the pit, come up and get a bath, eat and rush away to box a trained professional fifteen or twenty rounds. Conditions hardly conducive to high class form, but rendered necessary by the scanty condition of the Moody family finances.

Making the plunge Moody commenced punching chins as a sole means of livelihood in February, 1923, and with nothing to do but keep in the best of shape and with no financial worries, he improved vastly. In quick order he cleaned up all the welter and middleweights in Europe. Forced out of his class to secure work he became the terror of the heavies. George Cook, Australian heavyweight "champion," was knocked cold in fourteen rounds; Syd Pape, Army heavyweight, was disposed of twice in two and one rounds, respectively—over a dozen went the same way, then Frank found himself without a job in sight.

Making the trip over here in September, 1923, Moody quickly established himself as a knocker-out, registering fourteen successive K. O.'s before being called upon to travel the full distance. Tough eggs such as Lou Bogash and big Pat McCarthy were dropped for the fatal ten. Smart boxers like Jock Malone and Jeff Smith had to edge back from this Pontypridd artist. Then came the bad smash to the right hand which kept him out of the game for nearly seven months. Dr. W. G. Fralick operated upon the hand last May with amazing success. Today the mauler is stronger than it has been at any time during the past three years—if you don't believe that, ask Kid Norfolk.

A wonderful fellow personally. Of very high principles. Is married, with two young children. Loves America, intends settling here for good. He bought a nice house at Clifton, Mass. Is a keen motorist and owns a speedy Mercer.

If Greb refuses to fight him Ames will be very glad to pit Moody against Paul Berlenbach, the demon Dootchman.

And that's that.

The Ring's Letter Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Q.—Please let me have the nationalities of the following:—Jack Morrissey, Yankee Sullivan, John C. Heenan, Tom Hyer, Charlie Freeman, Ned O'Baldwin, Bill Poole, John Flood, Country McCloskey (George McChester), Paddy Ryan, John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey (John Kelly), Jack McAuliffe, Terry McGovern, Jack Skelly, Tom Sharkey, Jake Kilrain, Peter Maher, Owen Moran, Jem Driscoll, Frank Moran, Frank Slavin, Dan Creedon, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Tom Gibbons, Mike Gibbons, Packey McFarland, Mike O'Dowd, Harry Greb, Jim McLoney, Joe Lynch, Jimmy Slattery, Dave Shade, Mickey Walker, Jimmy Delaney, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien?

A.—Irish, Irish, Irish, American born, English descent, American, Irish, American, Irish, American, Irish, Irish, Irish, English, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, English-Irish, Irish-Welshman, Irish, Irish Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, German, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, Irish, American, German descent.

Jim Heren, Butte, Mont.

B. Aurelio Roew, Taltollah, Calcutta.

Q.—(1) Did Sam Langford knock out Harry Wills once or twice, what years and how many rounds? (2) Was Mike McTigue ever knocked out by Harry Krohn? (3) Was Jack Britton ever knocked out?

A.—(1) Twice, 1914 and 1916, 14 and 19 rounds, respectively. (2) No. McTigue was disqualified in eleven rounds. (3) No.

W. Porter Kendall, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Q.—Did Jack Johnson lose the championship through a frame-up, or was it a fair fight?

A.—Jesse Wilard knocked him out in 26 rounds. Very hard to prove collusion. Ugly rumonrs followed the Havana battle.

W. A. Gillissie, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—(1) Is Willie Davies rated in the class with La Barba and Genaro, and what are his chances in another year? (2) Who would win in a Zivic-Harmon match? (3) Who would win in a Greb-Berlenbach and Greb-Shade bouts?

A.—(1) Don't know Willie Davies. If you mean Willie Davis—he has retired. (2) Zivic beat Harmon decisively in their last start. He can do it again. (3) Greb in both.

Jack McKenna, Winnipeg, Canada.

Q.—Does one have to start as an amateur, and do amateur boxers have managers?

A.—No, yes.

Oswald H. Powell, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—(1) If Mickey Walker was a heavyweight and fought Jack Dempsey, who would win? (2) Is Louis (Kid) Kaplan a cousin to Phil (K. O.) Kaplan? (3) Who was the most intellectual fighter the ring has ever known, a man that used his brains, mind and ability to outpoint his man? (4) Is there any lightweight fighting today that could defeat Benny Leonard?

A.—(1) Comparisons are odious. Dempsey would knock him out. (2) No. (3) Joe Gans. (4) Leonard has not been a legitimate in several years. He was peer of the division when he scaled 135 pounds.

Dick Mansfield, New York City.

Q.—What is Sid Mark's nationality? Was he considered the hardest puncher in the lightweight division, and does he hold the record for knocking out Bobby Barrett in the quickest time?

A.—Hebrew, no, yes.

J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Is Young Stribling a better heavyweight prospect than Jimmy Slattery? (2) Is Andy Devodi considered a good boxer, and could he whip Johnny Dundee? (3) Has Greb ever been stopped, how often, by whom and when?

A.—(1) No. (2) Yes. Would probably knock out Dundee. (3) Yes, once, Joe Chip, 1913.

Cal Viez, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Who would win in the following

Francis Albertanti.

bouts: Berlenbach vs. Delaney, McTigue vs. Loughran, Slattery vs. Moody?

A.—Delaney, McTigue, Moody.

Jack Jossem, New York City.

Q.—(1) Was Sid Terris ever knocked out by Joe Ryder in three rounds in 1922? (2) Was Paul Doyle ever knocked out, how many times and by whom?

A.—(1) Yes. Three times, Johnny Morris. Joe Philipps.

J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Has Harry Greb ever boxed Slattery? (2) In what years did Sam Langford stop Harry Wills and where? (3) Is Gene Tunney a better boxer than Wills, and a harder hitter? (3) Did Dempsey and Bill Brennan ever meet, and what were the results?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) 1914 and 1916, California. (3) No. (4) Twice. Dempsey stopped him as many times.

Al Messineo, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Are Andy Devodi, Johnny Grosso and Johnny Rocco considered topnotchers yet?

A.—Devodi is a topnotcher. Grosso and Rocco good second raters.

M. R., Stamford, Conn.

Q.—I weigh 138 pounds and I am sixteen years old. Will I make good as a boxer at nineteen? Would I be a heavyweight or a lightweight? Are perfect teeth necessary? Is a good complexion necessary?

A.—Hope you are not kidding us. You should make good. Might develop into a heavy. Perfect teeth essential for healthy body. Good complexion? If you are good looking better ask Valentino for his job.

Ike Batts, San Pedro, Cal.

Q.—Who was the cleverer boxer, Tom Gibbons or Jack Johnson?

A.—Johnson.

Alexander Baraglia, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—(1) Could Young Stribling defeat Berlenbach, Tunney, Greb and Delaney? (2) Could Tony Travers defeat Jimmy Goodrich? (3) Who is the best bantam in the game, not including the champion? (4) Are there any heavies in the world today that hit harder than Firpo or Dempsey? (5) Would Rosenberg defeat Bud Taylor? Tunney defeat Berlenbach? Greb beat Stribing? Joe Dundee defeat Phil Kaplan? (6) What have become of Charlie Pitts, Frankie Edwards, Jack Perry, Bud Logan and Kid Flake?

A.—(1) No. (2) No. (3) Bushey Graham if he can make 118 pounds. (4) No. (5) Yes. Yes. Yes. Dundee is too light. (6) Pitts may be in Australia. Edwards fights now and then. Peary is an actor. Logan hasn't appeared in some time. Flake is back in his home town at Galveston, Texas.

P. Pupstein, New York City.

Q.—Has Luis Vicentini ever been knocked out in New York?

A.—No.

Irvin Traub, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Did Benny Leonard fight with both hands steadily or did he jab with his left and then let the right hand go? Did he keep dancing around or did he fight? Did he fight in a crouching position? What was his favorite punch?

A.—Leonard fought with both hands, feinting his opponents into knots, paralyzing them with stiff left hooks to the body and knocking them with right crosses. He never fought in a crouching position. His favorite punch was the right cross.

Robert Shore, Sask., Canada

Q.—Who first held the world's middleweight title, also the weight limit at that time, and a list of holders in that division up to Johnny Wilson, also give dates of titles changing hands?

A.—Tom Chandler, April 13, 1867, bare knuckles, 154 pounds. George Rooke, 1868; Mike Donovan, 1874; Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, 1884; George La Blanche, 1889; Johnny Herget, 1891; Jack Dempsey, 1891; Bob Fitzsimmons, 1891; Tommy Ryan, 1896; Stanley Ketchel, 1908; Billy Papke, 1908; Ketchel, 1908; Billy Papke, 1910; Cyclone Johnny Thompson, 1911; George Chip, 1914; Al McCoy, 1914; Mike O'Dowd, 1917; Johnny Wilson, 1920.

Harry Marder, Dorchester, Mass.

Q.—(1) Could Red Chapman beat Louis (Kid) Kaplan? (2) Has New York State

better boixng rules than Massachusetts? (3) In a return fight between Walker and Shade who would win?

A.—(1) No. (2) About the same. (3) Shade admits he can no longer make welterweight poundage. If he could make 147 pounds and be strong he could turn the trick.

Lenny Wycoff, New York City

Q.—Could Jeffries and Corbett in their prime defeat Dempsey? (2) Could Sol. Seeman beat Kid Sullivan or the present junior lightweight champion?

A.—Might whip Corbett. (2) Seeman is a lightweight.

Israel Demsey, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Are there any promising Hebrew youngsters in the light heavyweight division? (2) Damon Runyon claims that Jack Dempsey has some Jewish lineage through his mother's ancestors. Is this true?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Runyon should know. He has been closely associated with Dempsey and his family.

A Reader, Little Rock, Ark.

Q.—(1) What are the weights in each class of fighters? (2) I am sixteen years old and weight 120 pounds. Do you think I could train down to 110 pounds and still be in good fighting condition?

A.—(1) Fly, 112; bantam, 118; feather, 126; junior light, 130; light, 135; welter, 147; middle, 160; light heavy, 175; heavy, 175 to a ton. (2) No.

Charles E. Maschal, Baltimore

Q.—Is Joe Dundee a dangerous contender for the lightweight crown? If not, why not? Could be beat Terris at his fighting weight? Could be beat Mandell, Seaman, Vincentini and Bernstein? What is 1924-1925 record?

A—He has quit the lightweight division in favor of the welter class. He could not beat Terris at 135 pounds. He whipped Vincentini. He could beat Seeman but Mandell and Bernstein are birds of another feather, so to speak. You can get his record from the Everlast people.

A Reader, New York City

Q.—Do you think Paul Berlenbach could have beaten Stanley Ketchel, Georges Carpentier, Battling Levinsky, Joe Choynski, Jack Dillon and Kid McCoy? (2) Does Berlenbach hit as hard as Ketchel? (3) Who were the champions that won their titles back after losing them? (4) Who is the hardest hitter—Vincentini, George Chaney or Charley White?((3) Who is the cleverest boxer of all time and the hardest hitter among the Jews? (4) Who won the Ace Hudkins-Mushy Callahan bout?

A.—(1) No. (2) No. (3) Ketchel, Papke, Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. (4) White. (5) Callahan.

Archie Harris, New York City

Q.—If a champion who weighs 118 pounds comes in at 120 and his challenger comes below 118 pounds, can the challenger claim the title, and is he forced to fight the champion? If they fight and the champion, who is overweight wins, does he keep the title.

A.—Challenger can claim title, etc., but he must fight and win to be recognized as such. If he is returned victorious he will be acclaimed as the new titleholder. If the champion comes in overweight and wins he keeps his crown.

Cornelius Leahey, Waterbury, Conn.

Q.—(1) With Young Griffo and Benny at their best who would win? (2) Who are the best lightweight and heavyweigh champions of modern times? (3) Who would be the winner of the following bouts: Dempsey vs. Jeffries, Greb vs. Delaney, Johnson vs. Corbett, Langford vs. Jeffries? (4) Who are the five best lightweights of today in order.

READER DISPUTES DAVE SHADE

Editor, The Ring:

In the October issue of your great magazine I noticed a box containing the information by Dave Shade that he was never knocked out. A gentleman signing himself "H. M." said he was.

If Shade says he never fought George Adams his memory is quite faulty. As "H. M." says "Dave was hit so hard over the heart he was out for three hours." That is absolutely correct. Adams was from Chicago.

Sitting next to me at this fight was Warren Brown, sporting editor of The Chicago Herald-Examiner. Ask him, he knows. They fought at the Dreamland Rink. Toby Irwin refereed.

Very sincerely,
H. L. HAYES, No. 439 Jones St.
San Francisco, Cal.

A.—(1) Griffo. (2) Gans, McAuliffe, Leonard, Jeffries, Johnson, Fitzsimmons. (3) Jeffries, Greb, Johnson, Jeffries. (4) Terris, Mandell, Goodrich, Mushy Callahan, Loayza.

Johnny Hayes, Waterbury, Conn.

Q.—(1)—Who are the three best lightweight, middleweight and welterweigh champions of the last thirty years? (2) Would Tom Gibbons at his best give Jim Corbett a real fight? (3) Who would be winners in Mickey Walker-Joe Walcott, George Dixon-Jem Driscoll fights?

A.—(1) Gans, McAuliffe, Leonard; Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Bob Fitzsimmons, Harry Greb; Tommy Ryan, Matty Matthews, Joe Walcott. (2) No. (3) Walcott, Dixon.

Jack McKenna, Winnipeg, Canada

Q.—How many of the following old timers could beat our present Jack Dempsey—Johnson, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Tommy Burns?

A.—Jeffries, Johnson and possibly Fitzsimmons.

Arthur Matlis, College Point, N. Y.

Q.—(1) How old was Jack Dempsey when he began fighting? (2) Is there any gym in New York City where one can train at night? (3) Where can one get a manager? (4) Were all the heavyweight champions knocked out before they became titleholders?

A.—Twenty. (2) No. (3) Get acquainted with some of the boys around the National Sports Alliance headquarters, Broadway and Forty-third Street, N. Y. C. (4) No.

Jack Rick, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—How many times did Lou Bougash and Soldier Bartfield fight, and what were the results? (2) Is Bogash still fighting? (3) Who would win in Tunney-Wills, Dempsey-Wills bouts?

A.—(1) Twice, twelve-round draw. The Soldier lost in two rounds claiming he broke his arm. (2) Yes. (3) Wills, Dempsey.

Sidney S. Scott, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What is the date of the Nelson-Gans fight at Goldfield, Nevada, and what was the result? (2) Did Gans ever fight Jimmy Britt, when, and who was the winner?

A. (1) September 3, 1906. Gans won on foul in forty-two rounds. (2) Yes. September 9, 1907. Britt broke wrist in fourth round.

Jack Atlas, New York City

Q.—What do you think of Maxie Rosenbloom, and could he lick Moody, Estridge and Chester?

WE STAND CORRECTED

James J. Curran, No. 25 South Street, New York City—Thanks for calling our attention to error on Wolgast's age. We said he was seventeen when he won the title. As you state he was born Feb. 8, 1888 and defeated Nelson in 1910—that makes him twenty-two.

A.—Very promising. He could whip Estridge and Chester.

Jim Heren, Butte, Montana

Q.—What is the nationality of Jem Driscoll?

A.—He was born in Wales of Irish parents.

R. E. Faber, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Q.—Do you think Bushey Graham will be our next bantam champion? (2) Who won the last fight between Bushey Graham and Joe Ryder? (3) What nationalities are Pete and Babe Herman, and are they brothers? (4) What has become of fighters that we do not hear of any more such as: Charley White, Willie Jackson, Willie Ritchie, Joe Welling, Freddie Jacks, Sam Langford, Mike O'Dowd, Andy Chaney, Johnny Sheppard, Mixer Mitchell, Sid Barbarian and Vic Hirsch?

A.—(1) Sure thing if he can make the weight. Looks like he has outgrown the division. (2) Graham. (3) Italian and Portuguese-Italian; no. (4) White has made a fortune in Chicago real estate; Jackson is working for a business house in New York City; Ritchie is in business in California; Welling is teaching boxing to a flock of heavies; Jackson has practically retired; Langford is practically blind; Chaney has retired; Sheppard boxes now and then; little heard of Mitchell in some time; Barbarian is very active; Hirsch is practically through.

Julian Synkowski, Utica, N. Y.

Q. (1) Who would be winner in a Bushey Graham-Carl Tremaine bout? (2) Are there any good Polish boxers besides the late Stanley Ketchel? (3) Who would win the following bouts—Tunney vs. Dempsey, Delaney vs. Berlenbach, Graham vs. Rosenberg?

A.—(1) Graham. (2) Yes and no. (3) Dempsey, Delaney, Graham.

Peretz Glick, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the best boxers in each division?

A.—Heavy, Dempsey, Wills, Tunney; light heavy, Tunney, Mike McTigue; middle, Greb, Delaney, Malone, Slattery; welter, Georgie Ward, Pinkie Mitchell, Jack Zivic; lightweight, Terris, Mandell; featherweight, Dundee, Babe Herman; bantam, Bushey Graham, Bud Taylor; fly, Genaro, La Barba.

BOXING IN EUROPE

(*Continued from page* 21)

Several bouts are scheduled for French and European champions in the future, and good sport in the boxing line is in store for the Paris fans before the first of the year.

Paolino has been signed up for three more battles before leaving Europe. His last engagement was in Spain. He knocked out a big heavyweight from Belgium by the name of Ferdinard de Large, in 22 seconds of the first round.

Humbeeck, the heavyweight champion of Belgium, who was defeated on points by the Portuguese champion, Camarao, a short time ago, has been rematched for a revenge fight, as they call a return fight in Europe, to take pla e in November.

Interesting Letters from Our Readers!

JUST received your sport book from my newsdealer and just happened to open it at a page which took me back to the fights I had with the same boys, Herrera and Louie Long at Vancouver, B. C., and Herrera at Fresno, Calif. Boy, how that Mexican could hit and between rounds he would take a sip of fire water!

It also reminds me of Ruef Turner, the colored boy. He would do the same, drink some booze between each round and what a scrapper he was! He was as good as anyone of the time. Gee, I like to sit and talk of those days! They were fighters, not finale hoppers.

It was a fight all the time to protect yourself in the breakaways and believe me the fellows to-day get marked up more than the old timers because they do not know how to train. All they think of is boxing in the afternoon and that's all.

I remember training at Wheatland, Calif., at the old Phenox A. C. owned by Barney Van Buskirk, the fellow who made the first dollar by fighting Jeffries, going 10 miles every morning and then the afternoon doing foot work and other work but not much boxing.

GEORGE BAKER,
Caldwell, N. J.

* * * * *

Recalls Old Days

BEING a constant reader of the best fighting magazine in existence, The Ring, I would like to voice my opinion. I read a very interesting article by Mr. Tad called "Just an Earful."

He states in his article that in the past thirty years of boxing we have had but a few stars compared with the great men that faded before that time. In some divisions I agree with him but in others, I don't. The stars he mentions in the past thirty years were as follows: Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Stanley Ketchel, Abe Attell, Johnny Kilbane, Jack Dempsey, Bat Nelson, Sam Langford, Jack Dillon, Mike Gibbons, Kid McCoy, Terry McGovern and a few others.

Now, don't you think Mr. Tad made a little error in the first few stars mentioned above as they were not even champions. Secondly, don't you think Benny Leonard, our undefeated lightweight champion of the world, deserves a place among these stars?

A few of the great men mentioned above held their respective titles as long as Leonard did and retired undefeated and a few of them defending their titles as often as Leonard did against worthy opponents such as welterweights and even middleweights. As a reader of your magazine, I would like to hear your opinion in regard to this in your next issue.

B. C. GREENBERG,
Philadelphia, Pa.

* * * * *

Takes Issue with Orient

THE November issue of THE RING contains so much that is interesting and instructive that I again feel the urge to write a few words of comment.

I was especially pleased with Frank O'Neill's "The Brown Man in the Field of Sport." It is a fine piece of writing and observation. That the sons of the Orient should apply themselves so thoroughly and religiously to athletics, speaks a whole lot for their intelligence and argues well for the future welfare of their race.

But Mr. O'Neill is, I believe, unnecessarily apprehensive. As long as America is a Mecca to Europe's millions, her manhood and womanhood will be continually strengthened and invigorated by the infusion of new blood. Instead of deteriorating, I expect to see the American athlete achieve still greater renown in the world of sport.

I cannot subscribe to Mr. O'Neill's characterization of Mr. Average Man nor can I see anything so very wrong with the American Athlete's desire to excel. The sheer force of example has influenced many a boy or girl to take up athletics in one form or another and the plaudits of the crowd, the approbation of our friends, is the one thing we all welcome. When next you witness a boxing bout, watch the face of the fighter who listens to the crowd's appreciation of his efforts. Usually the expression is that of a man glorified. The quitter, I feel safe in saying, is inconspicuous in America.

The fight fans of New York can consider themselves lucky in having a man like Senator Walker defending the sport. In Chicago we are less fortunate. Notwithstanding the fact that professional boxing will be sanctioned by provision of law within a few months, an attempt was recently made to outlaw amateur boxing.

Every so often, the chronic grouch lets up a howl of protest about the "brutality" of boxing and yet it is evident that prizefighting shows a steady improvement. Frank O'Connell proves this conclusively in his illuminating article in the last issue on "When Skin-Tight Gloves Were Used."

Boxing has its casualties like any other sport, but it is interesting to note that no less than six young men have received fatal injuries in football scrimmages since the current season began.

The professional reformer should leave boxing to the men who have placed it upon its present high level and turn his peculiar talents to better use in a more fruitful field.

The Kentucky Cave Man is a cute character. However, I believe it was man's brain and not his brawn that enabled him to subdue the lower animals.

If Eddie McDonald achieves any degree of prominence in the fight game we are likely to see aspirants for world honors trying all manner of diets in much the same spirit as Ponce de Leon and his Fountain of Youth.

JAMES MORRIS.
Chicago, Ill.

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HERE IS ONE FROM HARBIN, CHINA

IN Questions and Answers in the September issue of your journal, just received today. Albert James McAuly, Astoria, Long Island, inquires whether there was a fighter by the name of Harry Fischer about eighteen years ago. Mr. Albertanti states that "he is not in any of the old record books."

In Little Fistiana for 1898, you will find that Jimmy Handler, the old-time Newark star, a Jewish boy, beat Harry Fischer in 6 rounds, 23 minutes, at Philadelphia, on February 27, 1896.

Harry Fischer beat Con Doyle, 27 rounds, at the Polo A. C., New York, on March 27, 1897.

Tommy Tracey beat Harry Fischer, 14 rounds, New York City, April 27, 1897.

If you do not possess Little Fistiana, I might say that this very useful record book was compiled and edited by B. H. Benton (Rob Roy), Sporting Editor, Boston Daily Post, and I think first issued in 1895. The Library of Congress, Washington, has a copy of the 1895 issue and one of the 1898 issue, from which the above information was taken.

I must heartily disagree with James Morris, whose letter appears in your September issue. I do like your historical bent, and that is one of the principal reasons I take your paper. After all, what happened in June and July of this year and what happened last year, and the year before, in the boxing world, is all history, and I'll wager that should Mr. Morris ten years hence come across the September, 1925 issue of The Ring, he will experience a mighty fine feeling.

There are a good many people with a leaning, mine is quite a bend, toward the historical aspect of boxing—and by that I just mean the boxing records and contemporary stories of the boxers—and we want to know all about the old timers.

And while about it, and for the possible benefit of those readers to whom books on the history of boxing are a joy, might I suggest that you publish a bibliography of all books on boxing, on the science, the art, and the history?

I believe you have a very fine library yourself and could furnish the information easily, but perhaps an easier way would be to get the catalog cards for the books on boxing in the Library of Congress. These cards possess the necessary information for such a bibliography and all you would have to do is to copy the cards.

Just one more word. Bill Brown's remarks regarding the importance of road work cannot be overemphasized. Permit me to quote the following from The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport, by John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston, 1888.

"The best exercise for a man training for a boxing-match is boxing; the next best is running.

"The best exercising for a crew training for a rowing race is rowing; the next best is running.

"The best exercise for a man training for a swimming race is swimming; the next best is running.

"And so with other contests: running is not only second best, but is absolutely in each, for running excels all exercise for developing the 'wind.'"

A long letter from a boxing fan in China, eight hundred miles from the nearest place (Tientsin) where boxing bouts are never held.

Very respectfully yours,
S. SOKOBIN,
Harbin, China.

INDIANAPOLIS NOTES

NOBLE KID CHISMAN

The following is a list of the Indiana champions in their respective classes for the year 1925.

Flyweight—Happy Atherton, Indianapolis.
Bantam—Bud Taylor, Terre Haute.
Jr. Lightweight—Jack Reynolds, Muncie.
Lightweight—Sidney Glick, Indianapolis.
Jr. Welterweight—Ray Hahn, Indianapolis.
Welterweight—Marion Kepner, Indianapolis.
Middleweight—Pinkey Crosby, Franklin.
Lightheavy and Heavyweight—Chuck Wiggins.

This has been a prosperous year for many of the boys. Some are riding around in Duesenbergs and others in Fords. Some own their own homes but lots of them are still eating ham and.

Les Darcy, Canadian middleweight champion, earned a shade over Roy Wallace, Brightwood star, in a thrilling ten round encounter at Tomlinson Hall, October 26th, which was the windup of a card filled with action as promoted by the Washington A. C. of which Steve Harter is matchmaker. In the semi-final, Don Carson, fiyweight of Indianapolis and Billy Long of Terre Haute went eight furious rounds to a draw.

Bret Waggoner and Fighting Ferrarris, bantamweights went six fast rounds to a draw. Royal Cox, flyweight won from Johnny Lubeck on a technical k. o. in the 5th round of a six rounder. Carl Schmadel and Joe Scully went 4 rounds to a draw.

Chuck Wiggins of Indianapolis, the "Indiana Terror" won a shade over Tiger Flowers, negro light heavyweight boxing champion from Atlanta, Ga. in a ten round fight at East Chicago, Ind. October 27th, Wiggins carried the fight to his opponent forcing him to back up under a heavy bombardment to the body and outpointed Flowers at infighting. The next opponent for Chuck will be a return go with Johnny Risko, Cleveland's heavyweight contender at Indianapolis.

Ted Hunt, formerly a member of the H. A. C. amateur team has shown to advantage in his last few professional bouts.

Pinkey Crosby, Indiana's middleweight sensation, is now under the management of Jack Singer of Buffalo, N. Y. and his next fight will probably be in that town with Joe Lohman of Toledo.

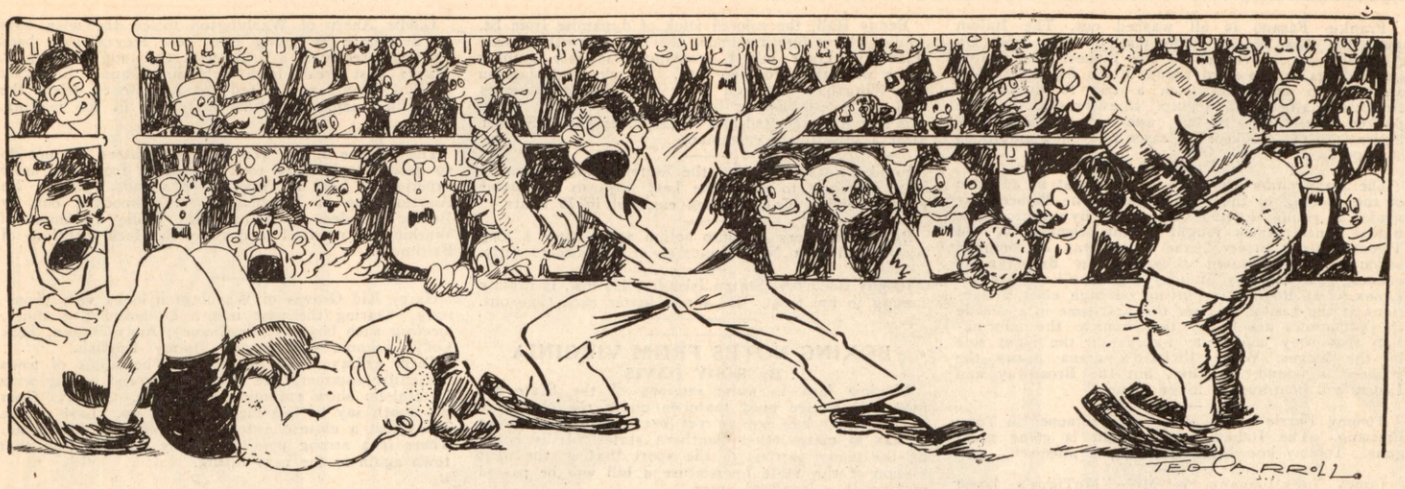
New York Jack Dillon, the globe trotting middleweight, is in town. He has met such boys as Al Norton, Clay Turner, Happy Littleton, Tony Marto, Kid Carter, Barry Norton and many others.

The writer, Noble Chisman, better known in midwestern rings as "Kid Chissell" will be in Philadelphia ere this reaches print and then from there he will go to Australia to engage in bouts in that country. He will turn the Indiana notes over to Sam Marcus, the popular Indianapolis promoter and manager. Well, good luck to all and Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

When Pinky Mitchell, brother of Richie, entered the game there were many who said he would never make a good fighter because he had "no fighting heart." That expression was heard many times and it seemed as though it was correct.

Recently on the Coast, when he fought Jimmy Duffy at the Olympic Auditorium, he must have become imbued with his brother's spirit, for never did a fighter show more of "a fighting heart" than Pinky did against the native son.

It is understood that the Olympic Auditorium has offered Mitchell a purse of $25,000 for a title match with Callahan. Mitchell of course would want the big end of the purse, which it would be entitled to under existing conditions.



Minute Rests Between Rounds

By LEFT JAB

NEW MADISON SQUARE GARDEN will open unofficially November 28 with first half of the yearly six-day bicycle race. The official opening of Tex Rickard's temple of swat will take place on December 6 with a basketball game between the Original Celtics and the Palace Club, of Washington, D. C. The seating capacity of the new arena will be 25,000.

Promoter——beg pardon—Director—Tex Rickard, has arranged to have the boxing opening on December 11 with a bout between Jack Delaney and Paul Berlenbach.

During the month of October and the first half of November, Gotham enthusiasts saw many upsets and some thrilling performances written into the history of fistiana. Babe Herman trekked all the way to Boston to lose a decision to Honey Boy Finnegan.

Two good prospects were knocked off because of managerial lust for gold. They included Irish Tommy Jordan and Joey Kaufman. The former was rocked to sleep by Sailor Friedman and Joey got his'n when his jaw collided with one of Eddie Anderson's right crosses. It was a bitter pill for Kaufman's admirers to swallow. Be it said in the youngster's favor that he went into battle as a last minute substitute. The Jordan-Friedman thing should never have been made. Tommy was no match for the experienced socking Chicagoan.

Incidentally this Finnegan chap is raising havoc in the feather ranks. He is a southpaw, one of the best uncovered in a blue moon. Honey Boy looks like a second edition of Lew Tendler. He carries dynamite in both hands. Only a few months ago he boxed rings around the ancient Johnny Dundee, at Washington.

It came as a great shock, the news from far off Los Angeles that Pal Moran, veteran iron man of the ring, had suffered his first knockout over a stretch of ten years. "Mushy" Callahan, a 'Frisco Hebrew newsboy—youth is a wonderful thing—turned the trick in three rounds. The fight was held on November 3. Callahan laid low the New Orleans Italian with three terrific blows delivered in rapid succession.

As Moran was bounding off the ropes Callahan caught him with a right uppercut to the jaw, then delivered a left hook to the stomach and another right to the jaw while Pal was sinking to the floor. Moran, who had stood up under the hardest blows Benny Leonard, Charlie White, and other topnotchers could deliver, was still dazed when he left the ring. Several years ago we saw Pal deliberately stick out his jaw as a target for Leonard's best punches.

The champion tried with all his might to flatten the baby edition of Joe Grim but gave it up as a bad job. Pal electrified a packed house at the old Madison Square Garden by coming from behind to whip the daylights out of Charlie White. After that great scrap Pal went from bad to worse. If he has any sense left he should hang up his gloves. He may be killed in the roped arena. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Great was the surprise when it became generally known that Jess McMahon had succeeded Frank Flournoy, Tennesseean, as matchmaker of the New Madison Square Garden. Several men with tons of political backing seeking the remunerative job were visibly disappointed.

Jess began his duties on October 29. The first piece of business he completed was signing Babe Herman to box Louis (Kid) Kaplan. McMahon is working on a salary basis, said to be in excess of $250 a week. If he makes good Rickard will employ him all year round. Tex expects to stage popular priced shows in the amphitheater during the summer months.

That McMahon will serve the Garden patrons, and that takes in the major portion of fistic devotees, with high class entertainments goes without saying. The elongated Jess knows the game from A to Z, in addition to which he is a born executive. With the inception of the Walker Law Jess took over the Commonwealth S. C. He turned it from a losing proposition into a veritable gold mine. Jess is idolized by fighters and managers. He is known as a square shooter. His word is his bond. McMahon is chairman of the board of directors of the National Sports Alliance. Flournoy was the helm in the old Garden for nearly two years. He took Leo P. Flynn's place. The latter resigned. Associated with Flournoy were Scotty Monteith and "Oscar Gardner."

John Bull should feel mighty proud of Ernie Jarvis's achievements in the American ring. The little flyweight came here unheralded about two months ago in quest of the world's flyweight title the late Pancho Villa won from Britannia's "Mighty Atom," Jimmy Wilde. Thus far he has made more than good. If his decisive victories over Black Bill, Young Dencio and Johnny Breslin are any criterion of his ability, Signor Francisco Genaro had better look to his laurels.

The Briton celebrated his American debut at the Pioneer A. C., October 16, where he outfought Black Bill in ten bristling sessions. Jarvis was lightning fast, aggressive and disclosed a good left hook to the head and a right hand punch to the body, which he sometimes works in a sort of scissors punch. Two weeks ago he took the measure of Breslin beating him with plenty to spare. On November 6 he came from behind to whip the Filipino Dencio.

Hungry Joe Silvani disappointed his flock of Mulberry Bend friends against Maxey Rosenbloom, at the Lenox, November 2. Guiseppi's appetite got the best of him the afternoon of battle. Unknown to his handlers, the senor hied himself to a beanery where he relished a trick steak smothered with onions. Apparently the food didn't get a chance to digest for as early as the fourth round he got severe pains in the stomach.

Maxey ended Joe's agony by knocking him out in the ninth. Silvani has tossed off many opportunities through some foolish tactics. He is young, can hit but he isn't very anxious to learn or train. He is his own worst enemy.

Sergeant Sammy Baker is going good again. He turned in a crackerjack performance at the New Broadway Arena, Brooklyn, by defeating Georgie Levine. The warsman is a two-fisted scrapper.

Billy Gibson and Bill McCarney were forced to take to bed for long stretches last month because of heavy colds. Gibson had a severe attack of grippe and "Professor" McCarney suffered from gastritis. They are back at their desks looking all the worse for wear.

Everybody's happy now that "Jimmy" Walker has been rewarded with the mayoralty job. The father of boxing, Sunday baseball, Sunday movies and a raft of other humanitarian legislation, was an easy winner over Mr. Frank D. Waterman. "Jimmy" swamped his opponent by 405,100 plurality. That's as it should be. Sportsmen to a man worked with might and main on behalf of their best pal. The campaign was very tame. Honorable James saved his voice, thanks to the Republican candidate's idiotic utterances. Mr. Waterman did not have a leg to stand on. "Jimmy" beat him to the punch. The National Sports Alliance, of which the mayor-elect is honorary president, came through like a house on fire. The enterprising organization outdid itself to help swell the plurality.

Tex O'Rourke, who was secretary of the defunct International Sporting Club, and who tried like the deuce to develop two English heavies, failing in his task because they didn't have the goods, is now associated with Jack Curley in the promotion of wrestling at the Seventy-first Regiment armory. O'Rourke and Curley should make a happy combination. The last fighter Tex managed was the rough, tough Jack Burke, of Pittsburgh. Tex had his share of hard luck with Burke. Both Jimmy Slattery and Jack Delaney knocked him for a row of tenement brick houses.

Sid Terris fought his second fight outside of New York on Election Day night. He went all the way to St. Louis to trounce Basil Galiano. This was the second time in as many starts that the East Side Will o' the Wisp demonstrated his superiority over the New Orleans Italian. On the same card Harry Felix, Sid's stable mate, was an easy winner over Johnny (Kid) Alberts, a home product. Danny Terris, Sid's kid brother, vanquished one Morris King. Danny is getting heavy. He scaled 120 pounds.

The New York State Athletic Commission is determined to put a stop to the flagrant abuse of fighters running out of matches. In the last two or three meetings the solons plastered thirty-day suspensions on several well known boxers, among them being Ruby Goldstein, Johnny Rocco and Jimmy Slattery. The Commission erred in the cases of Goldstein and Rocco. The former was really ill and Rocco had his nose broken in a gym workout. The board is to be congratulated for the wonderful manner in which the game is conducted in this state, but they should investigate and not act so hasty as they have done with Ruby and Rocco. You can't expect a man with a broken nose to go in there and do himself justice and at the same time give the public a run for their money. Goldstein is laid up with the flu.

Stanislaus Loayza returned to the wars on October 24 and knocked out Kid Henry in six rounds. The Chilian lightweight wrenched his ankle in the never-to-be-forgotten scrap against Jimmy Goodrich in the final of the 135-pound elimination tournament, and was forced to hany up his gloves for several weeks. Loayza is one of the most dangerous sockers in the lightweight division. Until he ran afoul of the accident there was no stopping him. He was giving Goodrich the fight of his life before he was forced to quit.

Eddie Purdy, who broke an ankle in the ring the night Harry Greb chastised Mickey Walker, is back as referee. He acted as judge and gave the injured member plenty of time in which to heal. Purdy is one of the best referees in the business. He was a good scrapper himself many years ago.

The National Sports Alliance bouts, held at the Polo Grounds Columbus Day afternoon, promoted by Jimmy Johnston, were a howling success. The "gate" touched the $60,000 mark. Paul Berlenbach flattened King Solomon, Sid Terris walloped the daylights out of Jack Bernstein, and Joey Celmars, substituting at the last minute for Johnny Dundee, held Babe Herman to a draw in ten hard fought stanzas. Dundee pleaded illness. It was said he was guaranteed $30,000, and because the money was not forthcoming he decided to get out from under. All the fighters agreed to take a cut and in this way Johnston managed to grab $1,000 for the worthy cause.

Lucien Vinez, European lightweight champion, made his United States debut at the New Broadway, Brooklyn, November 9. He fought Charlie Rosen, of the East Side. Vinez, called the "Dundee of Europe," is a veteran of more than 400 battles. His manager is Alphonse Ulrich, of France. By the way, the New Broadway is making lots of money. Matchmaker Andy Neiderreiter is serving the customers with high class bouts. The opening show was a complete sell out. They can squeeze in $10,000 worth of human beings.

Nat Rogers is doing wonders with the old Lenox. For the first time in three years the promoters are rejoicing. In the short time Nat is at the helm figures have been written on the right side of the ledger. Rogers is making some fine matches for the 107th Street and Lexington Avenue sluggery. Nat can't help making it pay, because he knows what the fans like to see.

Frankie Fasano is all washed out. The Italian gamester has reached the end of his rope. On November 6, the referee in the Pioneer ring halted proceedings in the third round of his fight with Vic Burrone to save him from a trip to dreamland. Frankie was beaten to a pulp. In every start Frankie packed five fights in one, and slowly but surely he was punched cuckoo. A lesson for young ambitious scrappers.

The small clubs are reaping a harvest in advance of the opening of the new Garden. The Pioneer has made a young fortune featuring flyweights. The night Ernie Jarvis fought Young Dencio the old Twenty-fourth Street horse mart was a complete sellout. The renovated Broadway in Brooklyn is packing 'em in every Monday night as i sthe ptown Lenox. Nat Rogers is putting on high class attractions at the Lenox, and for the first time in a decade the promoters are happy to chronicle the information that they can write figures on the right side of the ledger. When Rickard's arena opens the Pioneer is bound to suffer, but the Broadway and Lenox will continue to make money.

Tommy Furrie has a whale of a scrapper in Tony Picciano. The Italian featherweight is going great guns. Tommy knows how to nurse a prospect.

James Joy Johnston is Mike McTigue's latest manager. Bowld Michael has had several handlers among them being Joe Jacobs, Paddy Mullins, Charlie Rose and Leo P. Flynn. Under Johnston's management Mike should get many lucrative matches and a ton of publicity. Mike craves the limelight.

Eddie McMahon has succeeded his brother Jess as matchmaker of the Commonwealth.

Amy Mack, who ran the old Vanderbilt club in Brooklyn when most of the present day champions were in their swaddling clothes, is making matches for the biggest arena in Montreal. Amy is doing very nicely, financially speaking. He serves the Canadians with topnotch attractions. Amy is an old hand at the fight racket.

Joey Kaufman, Coney Island flash, went to New Haven to engage in a ten-round draw with Georgie Day, local pride. They went at it in furious fashion with little to choose between them. They are scheduled to meet in a return match in the near future.

Spencer Gardner, of Newport, R. I., a veteran campaigner, is still meeting all comers. Spencer is a big attraction with the Jersey fans and he is in constant demand there.

(Bullethead) Al Fugaro, the demon Italian flyweight, has left this section for the sunny climate of California. Fugaro is a midget, but is chock full of combativeness and should make good.

Sammy Shack, Coast boy, is a visitor here for a few weeks. Sammy gained his fame on the Pacific Coast and will return there as soon as he has exchanged greetings with his many friends.

Harry Ebbetts, youngster from Freeport, appears to be a star in the making. He has been nursed along carefully and has turned in the brilliant string of fifteen knockout victories out of sixteen starts. He is a good, straight puncher with either hand and seems to possess the necessary intelligence to advance himself.

Russell Whalen, Chicago entry, who is schooling himself in the New York ranks, is another comer who looks highly promising. He has won his three starts here, whipping Al Clitty, Hugh Sarno and Steve Angel.

Andy Tucker, red-headed lightweight from the Bronx, is fighting in good form again. After holding Jimmy Hutchison to a draw, he tackled Joe Colmars, who gained overnight fame through his ten-round draw with Babe Herman. Andy was disqualified in the second round for hitting low, but he looked very good in the first round. Andy never picks his opponents and is ready at all times.

Vic Burrone, the aggressive little bantam from Greenwich Village, is out with a challenge to the leaders in the bantam class. Burrone confines the majority of his contests to the Regiment Armories and is recognized as one of the foremost boxers in the guard. He has held Arnold Ryan, bantam and featherweight champ of the armories, even on two occasions.

Tammy Gervel, formerly known as Joe Bush, hailing from Philadelphia, is living in the Metropolitan district and making good. He is a regular slambang artist and rarely rests while in motion. He held Benny Nabers to a draw and was robbed of one victory when his bout with Tony Picciano was called even. He has made a big impression with the Yonkers fans, where he appeared three times in a month.

Dominick Petrone, former amateur star, who has made rapid progress in the pro ranks, is now of age to compete in bouts of over six rounds' duration. Petrone is a classy performer and qualified to travel any distance. His best weight is 115 pounds.

Sig Keppen, the slambang artist from Beaver Falls, Pa., made a wonderful impression at the Knickerbocker A. C. of Albany two weeks ago when he trounced the highly touted southpaw, Joe Lammonia, of Utica. Lammonia was traveling at a hurricane clip, whipping all opposition, and this was his first setback. Keppen's aggressiveness and persistent fighting tactics put him in solid with the fans.

Benny Hall, the colored stick of dynamite from St. Louis, who is fighting under the management of Gene Flaherty, Long Island sportsman, is fast gaining favor with the Brooklyn fans. His clean-cut fashion of milling has won high favor with the Brooklynites and he is establishing himself in the bantam class. His last start resulted in a victory over Jackie Snyder after a sensational encounter.

Frank "Gats" Gargano, the Staten Island Thunderbolt, is ready to meet the best boys in the game at his weight. Gargano has engaged in 70 bouts.

Buddy Saunders got into action again after a long lay-off and beat Nate Isaacman of Newark recently.

Johnny Gocinsky, Staten Islander, 135 lbs., is rapidly coming to the front. He shows better each time out.

BOXING NOTES FROM VIRGINIA

By RODY DAVIS

Virginia fans in some sections of the State are now able to see good matches under the club plan as the sport has not as yet been legalized here as it has in many other Southern states. It is hoped by the many patrons of the sport that at the next session of the State Legislature a bill will be passed making it a legalized sport.

Richmond and Norfolk have the best shows and naturally have the best crowds. Danville and Portsmouth are smaller cities where boxing is seen occasionally. Hampton, Fort Monroe and Newport News also promote programs at intervals.

Richmond fans witnessed a program of good bouts on October 15. The main bout brought together Harry "Kid" Groves, a real lightweight comer from Washington, D. C., and Joe Chaney, veteran brother of K. O. George Chaney, of Baltimore. Groves lost the decision although he put up a mighty fine exhibition of gameness and showed himself to be a real 100% fighter. Chaney had the asset of much experience on his younger opponent, and this gained for him the decision. It was a 10 round bout.

The semi-windup brought together Joe Piscatella, Fort Myer featherweight and Eddie DeSimon of Jersey City. Piscatella getting the decision.

Fans in Norfolk witnessed good fights also in October, the main affair bringing together Joe Belmont of Baltimore and Young Philips of the navy. This turned out to be a draw of ten rounds, and was fast and clean throughout. These men are featherweights.

In the semi-windup Irish Johnny Conroy of Washington proved to be a mighty tough foe for Joe Slivers, former welterweight champion of the navy. Conroy was outweighed but stuck in there and though beaten, he won the hearts of the Norfolk fans by his wonderful gameness. Two other good fighters finished out a fine program for this show and Norfolk promoters contemplate regular boxing cards at later dates.

Several good young fighters are being developed in Virginia and some of these boys will be heard from in good fights before very many months pass.

BOXING NOTES FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

By PATSY DONOVAN

Although the fight game here has been officially banded several of the clubs are now running on the club-member basis and doing very well. The largest of these clubs is the City Club which, by the way, is one of those million dollar affairs.

Their first offering for the winter put on "Texas" Stovall, local Indian fighter, and Nick Bass, the Baltimore knockout artist. Bass had previously built up a reputation as being the hardest hitter hereabouts. He recently knocked out two men in the same ring.

In the final round it looked as though the Baltimore entry would not weather the distance, but with much clinching managed to stay the limit. Sammy Harris, manager of Bass, who formerly managed Kid Williams and George Chaney, seemed surprsied when his knockout king hit the Indian on the button and no one dropped. Stovall showed wonderful form in defeating Bass and should go far in the fight game.

Heinie Miller who is matchmaker for the Club also acts in the capacity of referee.

The Alyosis Club with Frankie Mann as matchmaker, has also started its monthly athletic shows. In their main bout of ten rounds, Frank Teichmann had a shade the better of Jack Turner, local middleweight. The fight was full of action the entire distance.

During the past month Toney Cortex of Washington, boxed Vince Dundee in Baltimore, on two different occasions. In their first bout Vince received the judges decision, much to the dissatisfaction of the fans. In their return bout Dundee hit Tony with everything but the water bucket, and decided once for all that he is Tony's master.

Goldie Ahern of Washington fooled the wise boys in Baltimore by going into Lew Mayrs' own back yard and receiving a draw with the tough southpaw. Mayrs just fresh from defeating Danny Krammer in Philadelphia was a red hot favorite to defeat the Washingtonian. A return match is in the making.

The balance of the Washington fighters did not do so good. Jack Cody took a pasting from the more experienced Lew Haywood in 8 rounds. Jimmy De Angelo, also of Washington, was knocked out by Buster Dundee, of Baltimore. Eddie DeSimon of Washington received a draw with Buck Zebeline of Baltimore.

Harry Kid Groves of Washington looks very promising. During the past month he boxed five times, meeting such boys as Joe Chaney, Andy Bowen, Jack Cody, Johnnie Conroy and Jimmy English.

Terry O'Day, local bantam, has been out of town the entire summer. He is managing and boxing with an athletic show traveling the South. Reports from the South say he has made a clean up. Last month Terry lost a close one to Joe Belmont in Richmond. There is a strong possibility they will meet in that town again in the near future.

Tex Stovall is training for his coming bout with Jack Downey, champion middleweight of the entire Navy. Since returning east Downey has defeated some good ones in New Jersey and Pennsylvania rings. In their last bout here Stovall and Downey fought a close affair, the newspapers disagreeing as to the winner. Both boys have progressed since, hence the bout should be a thriller.

Harry Kid Groves of the Mohawk Club defeated Jack Cody in the semi-final bout. Groves pasted Cody plenty, but much credit must be given Cody for his game stand against such a fighter as Groves, especially on taking the match as a day's notice.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE RING, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1925.
State of New York }
County of New York } ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers, are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City. Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, None.

2. That the owners are: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stocks should be given.) The Ring, Inc., 91 7th Avenue, New York City; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City; A. D. Phillips, 91 7th Avenue, New York City; C. R. Spiegel, 91 7th Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER.

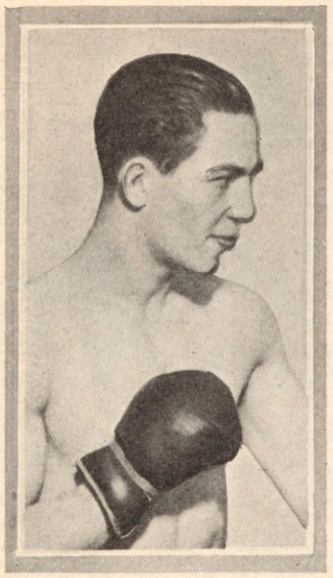
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1925.

(Seal) ROBERT T. MARTIN.

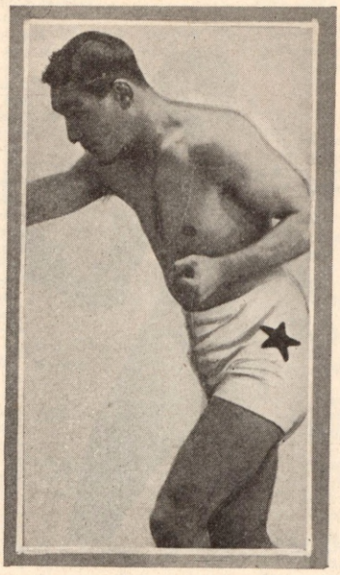
Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerk's No. 612, New York County Register's No. 6062-A.

Commission expires March 30, 1926.

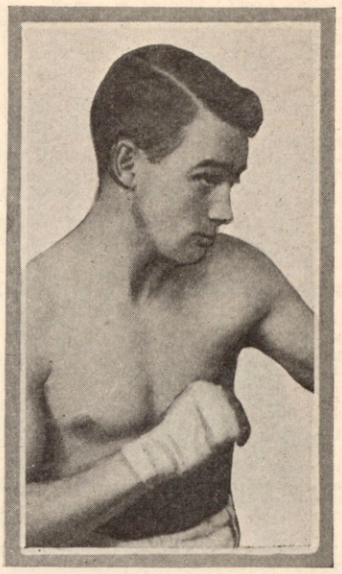
Jimmy Sakamoto, only Japanese featherweight in U. S.



Jimmy Duffy, welterweight, of Oakland, California.



Andre Routis, who is the bantam champ of Europe.



Alex Kirst, featherweight champion of Sweden.

KANSAS NOTES

By JAY JAY THOMAS.

The first part of the fall boxing season saw several surprising events here. The first was when the local lightweight champion, Joe Trabon, was decisively beaten by Charley Pitts, the Australian. Trabon has a long string of victories over practically all the boys in his class in this neighborhood and the fans had about concluded it would take a champ to take liberties with Joe. Pitts will make his home in K. C. from now on.

The bantamweight question is still undecided. It lies between Joe Ciro and the Denver Kid. This pair have mingled on several occasions and both have scored close victories but not decisive enough to pick a winner.

The upset of the season so far was the unexpected defeat of Harold Plude, middlewestern featherweight champion by Joe Rivers, the Mexican Marvel. This frenzied fracas was on the hair line order and a whirlwind affair all the way. Rivers landed the most punches while Plude carried more smoke on his.

The sensation of this part of the country is Ray Schiffer, the Missouri Mastodon, a 20-year-old youngster, weighing 225 pounds of bone and muscle, 6 ft. 6 in. in height, with a reach as long as the Santa Fe trail. Big Raymond wandered in off of a carnival two years ago, weighing 180 and 6 ft. 2 in. He put in most of his time in the gymnasium, working by himself, going through a series of exercises to build himself up. He punched the sand and punching bag until he mastered the art of punching hard, straight and fast, and today is one of the best heavy prospects in this vicinity.

Boxing promotors throughout the state of Kansas are well prepared for a busy season. Some of the finest boxing arenas in the country are located in this state. With six or seven good clubs offering weekly or monthly shows, boxers from most of the middlewestern states are casting their eyes this way looking for a profitable season.

Wichita, with two big clubs running twice monthly, is offering the best shows and drawing the biggest houses. The Eagle's Club with Mike Curran as matchmaker and the American Legion with Roscoe Turk at the head are planning to bring stars here.

The Forum at Wichita where the boxing shows are held seats 8,000 and as Harry Greb, the world's middleweight champion, stated when he fought Ralph Brooks there, last July, it is one of the finest fight auditoriums in the entire country.

Mike Curran, the matchmaker, is well known throughout the boxing world, although only a youngster, he has a great knowledge of the game and seems to make every show a winner, both from the spectators' and box office standpoint.

Curran brought Harry Greb here in the dead of summer to fight Ralph Brooks the Kansas heavyweight, and disregarding the fact that the men fought indoors with the thermometer around 100, Curran made the box office click to the tune of over $9,000.

Curran is a great publicity man, he overlooks no angles in putting his shows over.

Brooks is quite a card around here; his recent battles with Harry Greb, Bob Roper, Joe Downey, Andy Schmader, Jack Burke and Chuck Wiggins makes him stand out as one of the best big fellows developed in the middlewest in recent years.

The American Legion showed Young Stribling, the Georgia schoolboy here, against Jack Matlock, the tough Californian, before a packed house. Matlock gave Stribling a great fight for three rounds, but in the fourth forgot to duck one of the Georgian's left swings and was counted out.

Sam Kramer who handles the ring affairs of Ralph Brooks, also has in hand Johnny Harris, the crack Jewish lightweight from Des Moines, Iowa. Harris has the best following of any local boy. He has won eight straight fights since coming to Kansas.

Chuck Wiggins, the Indianapolis lightweight, received the surprise of his life when he exchanged punches here last month with George Manley, the Denver boy. Manley won eight out of ten rounds. Mike Curran who promoted the Wiggins-Manley show is now trying to match the Denver boy with Harry Greb.

Billy Freas, the Michigan middleweight, came here a few months ago, unknown. In his first bout here he knocked out Jack McGorgery, a tough local middleweight in nine rounds. He was then matched to meet Billy Britton, the young sensational Kansas boy who has been meeting them all in the east for the past year. Freas, looked upon by the smart money as a setup for the clever Britton, surprised the whole fistic world by knocking the unbeatable Britton out in the second round. He then followed up this feat by making Jackie Clark, the Allentown, Pa., middleweight quit in the fourth round. Freas against most any good middleweight will draw a good house here. The fans like the Michigan boy's punch.

It has been heard around the fistic rialto the past few days that Curran has Paddy Mullins' consent to show Harry Wills, Jack Dempsey's chief worry here sometime around the first of the year. Curran says its not so, but the wise ones laugh that off.

Among the good boys now showing their wares around these parts, are, Ralph Brooks, Hughie Walker, Harvey Thorpe, Johnny Harris, Battling Morris, Bud Chambers, Jack Rich, George Manley, Pat Corbett, Jimmy Lanning, K. O. Ed Smith, Jack Matlock, Bud Harris, Kid Herman, Jimmy Hartman, Cyclone Williams, Walter Page, Charley Lawhead, Elmer McMullen, Warnie Smith and Johnny Sheldon.

Pete Lightner, sporting edtior of the Morning Eagle and Lee McPherson of the Evening Beacon, both local newspaper men, are great boosters for the game and the many interesting articles regarding the sport has worked wonders in building up the ring sport here.

Johnny Husong is the official referee and his work in handling all the bouts here is among the best of any official in the country, Husong is fearless and honest, makes the boys go at top speed at all times, as his reward for the good work he is in demand all over the state.

Mike Curran, Eagle's matchmaker, announced in local newspapers today that he had matched Harry Greb, world's middleweight champion, to defend his title here over the ten round route against George Manley the Denver knockout king on New Year's Day, January 1st.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By JERRY SACHS

Al Corbett outboxed Joe Pagliana, southern featherweight champion, in their twelve-round feature bout here recently and gained a well deserved victory. The Cleveland speed marvel took care of Pagliana's haymaking right in smooth and effective fashion.

In Louisville, on September 29, Al Corbett beat Pagliana the second time in his own bailiwick.

When Tommy Galson, that human bulldog, met Tommy Ryan at Erie, Pa., recently, the fans believed he carried off the verdict. However, the judges gave it to Ryan. Now Galson wants a return bout.

Tom Stanley, New York fistic impresario, is located in Cleveland and is doing fairly well with Willie LaMorte and Young Goldberg. Stanley is a hustler and is "in right" with the local promoters.

Local fans seem to think that Moxie Miller is the next boy in line here to make a name for himself in the squared circle. Having only seven pro. bouts so far, Miller has shown the "stuff" that champions are made of. His last match was up in Detroit, Mich., against Clarence Rosen, who has fought Villa, Goldstein, Lynch and the other topnotchers. Miller went the ten rounds like a veteran.

Johnny Klesch, the punching middleweight, is going great guns these days and has several matches booked ahead in Detroit, Buffalo and Columbus.

Another knockout was added to Battering Benny Gershey's already long list when Bennah knocked out Benny Gould here at the Hinkel McGinty Arena. Gould went out in the fourth round. When Gershey runs his count up to 16, Al Corbett will be waiting for him again to break his run the same as Corbett did the last time they met.

Walter Taylor, the hustling Broadway promoter, lost the Tremaine Gershey match because Jimmy Dunn held out for more money.

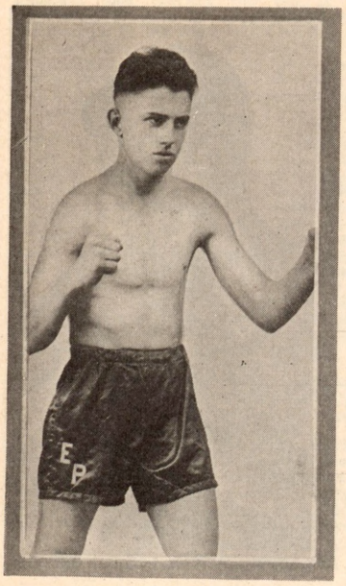
Joe Lewis, New York manager, is keeping his boy, Gaston Charles, working regularly.

Parson Tommy McGinty, right hand man to the Olympic crowd, is hustling these days arranging the cards for the coming season.

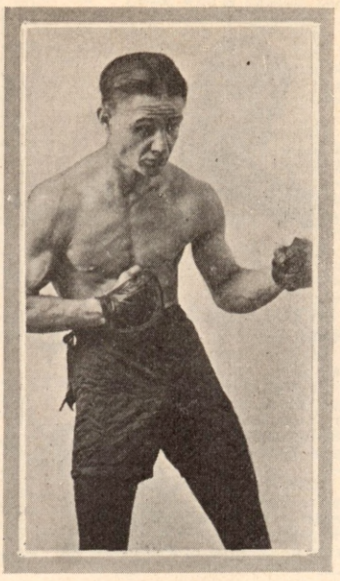
Ray Campbell, the fight editor of the Cleveland News, who writes the PUNCH BOWL copy, is one of the few writers in the country that boxes in the gym for exercise.

Bryan Downey, once the legitimate middleweight champion is now a full fledged referee. Joe Williams paid him the compliment that besides being a capable official, Downey is also the best dressed third man in the ring around Cleveland.

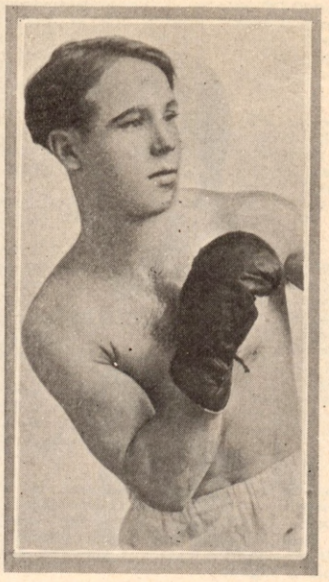
Matt Hinkel, local sportsman, went to New York and went into conference with the New York Boxing Commission. Matt wants to get the Ohio Legislature to pass rulings similar to the New York State Commission in order to keep the boxing game in high standing in this region.



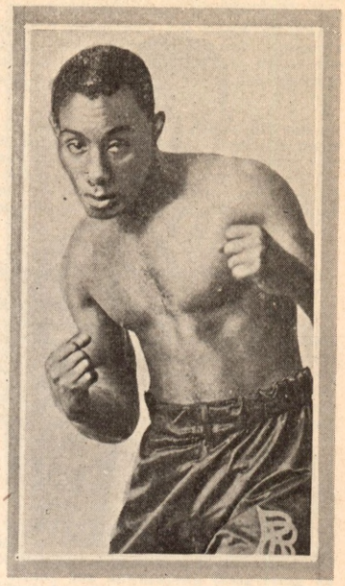
Ernie Perry, popular Bridgeport lightweight.



Battling Kelly, who hails from Richmond, Va.



"Denver Kid," a corking bantam from Kansas City.



Ruby Bradley, known as "Dark Cloud," of New England.

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.

OTTO A. PETERS

Tommy O'Brien easily outboxed Sammy Sandos, Filipino lightweight, at the San Diego Coliseum, Sept. 25th. He went easy in the first few rounds and allowed Sammy to win the first and third but had no trouble picking up the lost ground.

Joe Teal and Dave Pollack fought a ten-round draw in the main event of the Pasadena show, Sept. 24th. Dick Harris knocked out Frankie O'Brien in the second round of the scheduled six-round semi-final.

Johnny Adams, San Bernardino lightweight, took a decision over Allie Nelson of Long Beach in a ten-round fight at Wilmington, Sept. 29th. Adams forced the fighting all the way.

Micky Erno captured the decision over Pedro Pablo in the ten-round main event of the Pasadena boxing show Oct. 8th. Henry Gonzales knocked out Louis O'Shea in the second round of a scheduled eight-round bout.

Neil Clisby, Riverside heavyweight, stopped Vic Alexander in the ninth round Oct. 2nd at the Gate City Legion show. Young Sallee knocked out Earl Grigsby in the second round.

Walter Beck was put to sleep by Frankie Layman in the fourth round and Beck's downfall was due to the lack of training. Al Brown and Young Chico furnished the thrills of the card at the Gate City Oct. 8th in a ten-round go, which was won by Brown. Jimmy Black was awarded a technical knockout over Manuel Jurado in the fourth round. Tommy Howe made a punching bag out of Frank Thompson and easily took the decision.

Battling Ivy won a ten-round decision over Hank Gatton in the main event of the Wilmington A. C. boxing show Oct. 14th.

Tommy Reddy of New Orleans arrived in Los Angeles Oct. 14th. He placed himself under the management of Archie Schaefer of Venice.

Carlo Curtis, manager of the Los Angeles Newsboys' Gymnasium, was confined to his bed for several weeks as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident. Carlo will be back at his duties in a day or so as he has almost completely recovered.

Joe Waterman, manager of Doc Snell, issued a challenge on behalf of Snell for a bout for the world's bantamweight championship with Charley (Phil) Rosenberg. Joe is willing to post a forfeit as a guarantee that Snell will make 118 pounds, the bantamweight limit, and is willing to concede practically all the purse to the champion. If it will help pave the way to a bout with Phil, Waterman will gladly sign for a bout between Doc Snell and Bud Taylor.

Joe Brown, Imperial Valley lightweight, won a six-round decision over Jack Kane, Chicago lightweight, at San Diego.

Kid Mexico took a decision over Hank Gatton in the 10-round main event Sept. 23rd at the Wilmington A. C.

Joe Levy is the matchmaker for Jack Root.

On December 2, Fidel La Barba will take on Clever Sencio, under Jack Root's auspices. But it will be 12 rounds, no decision. We will see whether the California commission will O. K. this. If memory serves us aright, the commission has gone on record to the effect that champions must defend their titles when boxing in this state.

A suspension of six months hangs over the head of Travie Davis, Northwestern welterweight, for his refusal to go through with his scheduled six-round bout at San Rafael. After looking over the house, Davis decided to get sick and feigned stomach trouble. He was examined by the club doctor and no trace of illness was discovered. Davis was ordered by the inspector to enter the ring for the bout, but steadfastly held to his plea.

George Engle, who has taken over the management of Ted Moore, the English welterweight, is seeking bouts on the Pacific Coast. John Flammer, who some years ago was actively identified with the boxing game here, is Engle's Western representative.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By TOM A. ANDREWS

Colored boxers have been getting quite a call on the coast of late, more so than in other parts of the country. In the middle west there is little of matching colored boys with white lads and the same condition exists all through the south and most parts of the east. There are a few good colored boxers on the coast, among them Young Sam Langford, Young Joe Gans, Battling Jack Monroe, Tiger Bob Robins, George Godfrey, Bill Tate and a few others. Robins looks like another Tiger Flowers having had only 22 fights, 19 of them knockouts. Jack Root has been giving the colored boys a chance at the new Olympic Auditorium.

Bud Gorman, who looked not so good around Wisconsin, has been making a big hit in the east and is now planning a trip to the Pacific coast for a series of bouts at the Los Angeles and Frisco clubs. Bud recently defeated Jack Sharkey in Boston and the other heavies there are keeping clear of him. His object in coming this way is to get a match with Ralph Smith or Knute Hansen.

Dixie LaHood, the Montana bantam champion, made good in his first start away from his native heath, beating Vic King, bantamweight champion of Australia, who recently came over to the States. The bout was six rounds and so full of action that the promoters immediately offered them a return match for the following week. While King lost he impressed the fans as having plenty of class. LaHood is booked for three matches at the Auditorium in Los Angeles and expects one of his opponents to be Bud Taylor of Chicago.

Jack Sparr, the Wilmington, Calif., lightweight, may not be a champion, but he has a lot of friends who think he can whip the champion—Jimmy Goodrich. Sparr has been boxing the past eight years and has beaten most of the fighters he has met in the west. He is clever and a hitter and recently won three straight matches at the Olympic Auditorium. Now his friends have taken hold of the matter and have offered to wager $1,000 to $10,000 in real United States coin that Sparr can defeat Ace Hudkins, and they are willing to make a match on a winner take all basis. They also want to bet the same sum—$10,000—that he can defeat Jimmy Goodrich, and will post the money any time a match can be made.

Johnny Clinton, the New York lightweight, came west recently with the feeling that he could grab off some good matches with the 135 pounders hereabouts, but none of them have been jumping the hurdles to get him. Johnny is finding it a mighty hard matter to get matches of any kind and may soon return east.

The Olympic Auditorium is endeavoring to hold a series of bouts for the best bantams and flyweights of the coast, the object being to select a champion for this district in each class and then have them meet the best in the east, the winners of the last set to take on the real champions in a world's title affair, Jack Root is promoting the affair and hopes to get some good material out of the bunch. Newsboy Brown and Young Sencio are the classiest on the coast among the flyweights and both are after Fidel La Barba for a title match. Billy Donillas, Kid Pence and Pico Ramies are among the best of the bantams, that is new ones, with Dixie LaHood of Montana as a promising candidate.

Sam Slotsky, Sioux City, La., promoter and manager, has landed in Los Angeles with Earl McArthur, who he thought would clean up among the bantams, but he had a set-back in one or two matches in the midwest. On top of this he was taken ill and for almost a year he was not himself in the ring. However, he has recovered and says he is in good shape again and expects to get a crack at some of the bantams hereabouts and from the east.

Charley Rosenberg, the champion, is in our midst, also Abe Goldstein, who recently lost the title to Rosenberg, and it is understood that Bushy Graham, another contender, will soon be here to mingle with them. If they do Graham is liable to take all of them into camp. Ray Alvis of Chicago is also reported coming this way with his two battlers—Eddie Shea and Connie Curry.

Pete Sarmiento, the Filipino piece of dynamite, has beaten all his opponents in the west so far, but the fans around Taft, Cal., where Billy Bonillas hails from, are betting that he will be checked up when he meets the lad from the "Sticks country." Pete has a match on with Bud Taylor at the Olympic Auditorium, November 4th, but he must get by Donillas to make it sure and a clean slate. Taylor has just as hard a nut to crack in meeting Doc. Snell, so it is 50-50 with the two stars.

Red Chapman of Boston, who is booked for three matches at the Olympic Auditorium in the near future, made short work of Jack Sharkey in Boston the other evening, stopping the famous bantam in three rounds. It is not so long ago that Sharkey was looked on as the coming bantamweight champion, but auto cars and bright lights put a stop to Jack's speeding in the roped arena. However, it shows the class of Chapman, for there have been few able to beat Sharkey, let alone stop him. Chapman claims to be the real featherweight champion, alleging that Kid Kaplan ran out on him in New York twice. Whether that is correct or not is hard to vouch for, but nevertheless, Mr. Chapman is some pumpkins when it comes to fighting and he is not after the featherweight title.

Kid Ponce, the clever little Mexican battler whom George Burns discovered around San Pedro, Cal., wants to make a trip to Mexico City and fight Young Ruiz there for the championship of the country in the bantam class.

Ruiz is champion of Mexico and Ponce thinks he can take it from him and thus have something to work on here, as title bearers seem to have the call for matches at all times. Ponce, not only held his own, but defeated Rivers and also beat some of the best lads around here at the weight. Just now the promoters are trying to match him with Dixie LaHood, the Montana star, for a bout at the Olympic Auditorium. LaHood is one of the best bantams in the west.

Billy Wallace, the Oakland crack at 130 pounds, is back in line for some big matches. His hand was hurt in his recent match with Tuffy Wing, but it

(*Continued on page 33*)

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP

By HAROLD BUCKLEY

Al Fremin, Biloxi promoter, has closed with both Pockie Lockie and Earl Bascle for a ten round bout which will determine the flyweight champion of the Gulf Coast.

Bascle has been matched with Pal Moore in Memphis for the early part of this month.

"Big Boy" Peterson got in the running last month when he defeated Jack O'Neil in a ten round bout at New Orleans last month. The Kiln heavyweight seems to have hit his stride and Paul La Croix, his manager, predicts big things for "Big Boy" the coming winter.

Sammy Pizzitola, New Orleans featherweight, who has many friends here, has been signed to meet Bub Seymour the latter part of this month. Sammy has defeated some good boys since last showing here. Among those that he defeated are Frankie Demari, Ray Schaeffer, Young Palmer and a host of others too numerous to mention. He is a real club fighter.

Kid Carlin, bantamweight champion of the South, will most likely meet Earl Bascle in a bout here some time next month, if the latter is returned winner over Pockie Lockie.

Bub Seymour, Biloxi featherweight, defeated Eddie McCormick in real fashion last month in a ten round bout.

The many friends of little "Irish" Jackie Doyle, New Orleans flyweight, will be glad to hear that he has turned in several more victories. He defeated Willie La Morte, who is also known as Wee Wee Burns, and Do Do Jackson in his last two starts. Doyle is now under the management of Eddie Meade and Johnny Cox.

Among others that Doyle has boxed are Kid Carlin, Zulu Kid, Bobby Hughes, Delos Kid Williams, Little Jeff, Lew Conway, Mickey Lewis, Frankie Demari, Pascal Coletti, Kid Pancho Flores and a host of other good fighters.

Whitey Schultz, manager of Jack Lewis, claimant of the Southern junior lightweight championship, has accepted terms to box in Biloxi some time this month.

Bobby Higgins, conqueror of Ray Schaeffer and Bub Seymour, will be seen in these parts against either of the above pair shortly.

"Big Boy" Peterson is slated to meet Joe White here in a ten round bout. White has met some of the leading light-heavyweights in the game. He and Peterson should furnish plenty of action.

Boots Antley is another fighter slated to make his appearance around here in the future.

Earle Bascle, New Orleans flyweight, received many telegrams from his friends in Biloxi, when he defeated Joe Slovani down in Florida last month.

Biloxi, the coming summer, will be the mecca of many high-class fighters. Al Fremin has already received lots of mail from various eastern managers stating that they would consider an offer to come down.

Charlie Rodriquez announces that he is willing to meet Ray Schaeffer, Bub Seymour or Sammy Pizzitola on a winner-take-all basis. Rodriquez will probably be pitted against the winner of the Pizzitola vs Bub Seymour bout.

Among others that will be seen in action are Young Ross, Milton Manguno, Kid Koster, Kid Carlin and many other lesser known lights.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

(Smoky City)

By BILLIE LEWIS

Motor Square Garden ran the best boxing show ever held in the city when Paul Doyle, of New York, defeated Jack Zivic of this city in ten rounds of real fighting. Doyle dropped Zivic in the fourth round with a terrific right to the chin, and for a while it sure looked like curtains for Jack. The house was small, and as the fans thought Doyle a set up, that accounts for it.

There is no question but what the fight will return to Motor Square Garden in a few weeks, and it is sure to pull a packed house. Both Doyle and his manager are loud in praise for Johnny McGaney, the matchmaker, and they find him the same as all out of town fighters find him, a good square man whose word is his bond and they don't make them any cleaner than Johnny McGaney.

A boy that looks goods is Young Katkish who trains with Jack Zivic. He won his first pro fight by a k. o.

McGaney has several good fights in mind. A Jimmy Jones-Dave Shade fight will soon be made for the Garden. Harry Greb is another battler who will soon be shown at the Garden again. He always fights and gives the fans a run for their dough.

Willie Davies, the Chamokin flyweight looks very good and Pee Wee Donald of Homestead is coming along fast. There are a lot of good boys coming to the front fast and the clubs around this section of the country should not experience much trouble in getting good cards lined up.

Freddie Boylstein is coming very fast and is already a good drawing card in McKeesport.

A new heavy has come out in Nick Perlick of Wildmerding. In his two pro starts he looked good.

The good old North Side still keeps following the Garden fights, and if a real good boy comes out from there, you can bet he'll get plenty of backing from the boys on the other side of the river.

Happy Davis is a boy who wants to get going. Johnny McGaney has promised the writer to use Happy with some good 135 pound boy soon.

Homestead boasts of two good youngsters who are expected to go quite a way in their respective divisions. Hughey Manson, 108 pounder, has been scoring victories constantly, and Pee Wee Donald, 112 pounder packs a hard punch. They are managed by Floyd P. Noremans of Homestead.

The writer has received a card from Bobby Stone, Braddock flyweight. Bobby is now in Detroit and raves about the town.

Sharon boasts of a snappy boy at 120 pounds in Eddie Bowen, "local pride."

Kid Carpentier, the New Kensington flash, journeyed to Erie on October 22, and lost a close 10 round bout to Gaston Charles, the French lad from Cleveland.

Cuddy DeMarco, the Charleroi "Sheik," is once more starting his "two a week." Mason, who handles the "sheik," is lining them as fast as bouts are being offered.

The semi-final of 8 rounds featured Scotty Raeburn, from Warren, Ohio, mixing with Willie Davies, Pennsylvania State flyweight champion. It was Davies all the way.

The Stove League of McKeesport, an organization for Boosters of sport, has been organized. They are making preparations to stage a milk and ice fund boxing show in McKeesport in the very near future. Cuddy DeMarco will be one of the headliners.

MAINE NOTES

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

Lou Lambert and Georgie Buldoc renewed their hostilities in Portland, Oct. 16, and the newspapers called their sizzling six-rounder a draw. These fiery feathers fought like tigers and it took the referee and the police to separate them at the final bell.

In the semi-final, Jack Willis of Texas, who is attending a New England college, stopped Battling Paltrien of Springvale in the second.

Boxing is slumping a bit in Maine during the football season. This, however, does not include the Bar L Ranch at Newport, where bouts are held each week.

As soon as the Bangor promoters become aware of the fact that the Newport club has the right idea, they will begin to make money.

The last dozen shows in Bangor have been financial failures although such men as Eddie Shevlin, Rocky Smith, Chick Suggs, Izzy Schwartz, Charley Ray, etc., have topped the cards.

At the Bar L Ranch there are four six-reel bouts every Friday P. M., followed by dancing. Fifty cents is the general admission and five hundred fans pack the house at each show.

Cyclone St. Louis is in great shape again and eager to go. The Old Town lad is willing to mix with the Utah Kid which, by the way, would make a good main bout for a popular priced show in Bangor.

Young Jack O'Brien, who, under his correct name of Charlie Miller is running a sporting camp at Moosehead Lake, sent President Coolidge a couple of big trout that Jack's kid brother caught and received a letter of appreciation.

Chester Kennedy, former heavyweight wrestler, is doing well at his health farm in Bangor. Eddie Shevlin recently said: "I have tried rubbers and masseurs all over the country, but I consider Kennedy the best man I have found yet."

K. O. Liberty, who, many fans believe, is "slipping," was K.O'd by Gunboat Jack at Dover, N. H., recently in seven rounds. Liberty's brother, Young Rooney, boxed a draw with Burnie Turcotte.

Tony Lemlieux of Sanford strengthened his claim to the state flyweight title by outpointing Johnny Thomas of New Bedford and Duke Menard of Biddeford in Portland recently.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

By E. A. McCORMICK

In a great battle Jackie Coble knocked out Joe Garcia in three rounds here. He also gave Kid Earle a lacing in ten rounds.

With a two day rest, Coble stopped Mario Fernandez, champion of Cuba, in nine rounds. He is a great little battler and some day will be a champion. Coble has won 47 bouts and never lost a decision.

Jackie Barnhart also of Terre Haute won on a foul from Happy Henry of Houston, Texas. Boots Antley beat Kid White. Tony Leto got a draw over Charlie Diaz and Chick Miller beat Johnny Lissee in ten rounds in a series of fights staged by the American Legion recently.

IN AND NEAR DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

Windsor was put on the map as a fight town once more when Phil McGraw, Detroit's sensational lightweight, held Sammy Mandell to a draw in the main bout here last month.

In the semi-final Kid Alberts, colored, was put out of the ring for not trying in his bout with Jock Malone.

Johnny Mellow looked better than ever in winning from Willie Farrel of Chicago.

Tony Ross was an easy winner over Don Davis, Mandell's sparring partner. Tony is a very willing mixer and will soon be seen among the class elect.

Red Herring is on his way here after a very successful trip to the coast. He beat Frankie Calahan and Charlie O'Connell the rangy boy from Cleveland.

Al Myers, local bantam, made another wonderful showing in Battle Creek by winning from Young Millious. He is a high school student and has a very good following.

Len Darcy, middleweight from North Dakota, turned out to be quite a sensation in holding Tommy Burns to a draw. He will be in demand here. He lacks class but not the heart.

On the same card Homer LeBlanc lost the decision in his bout with Bobby Eber. The referee gave the fight to Eber and when the crowd gave it a terrible razz he did the disappearing act.

Mike McNulty, manager of Tommy Burns, has signed contracts with a Windsor hockey club. Mike is considered as one of the best goal tenders in the west.

Dave Knight is still on the lookout for more material. He has quite a stable now, but Dave says you can't have too many.

Shorty Marks, amateur bantam champion made his professional debut by handing Count Molina a neat pasting. Shorty is a smart kid and looks like a wonderful prospect, he is under the wing of Matches Charley Moore.

Dave Knight made a trip to Grand Rapids with a few of his battlers. He took Mel Jorgensen a tall blonde Swede who is a real son of service, and always makes things very interesting. The Swede easily beat Sailor Deshone. Johnny Webber, another of Dave's boys, one of the best in Michigan at 128 pounds, put up a wonderful fight with none other than Al Massey, and despite Massey"s cleverness and experience, Johnny was returned a winner.

The next in line was Len Darcy who beat the smart Jimmy Nuss in the main bout. Darcy is quite a sensation around these parts. He held Burns to a draw.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 32)

is ready now and Billy is asking for big game and not the mediocre boys.

"I would rather meet the stars than the dubs," says Billy, "for then I have something to fight for. I have met the best boys of the coast, given away weight and all that, without advancing where I think I should be. Give me boys like Mike Ballerino, the champion, Jackie Fields, Johnny Lamar and Tod Morgan and I will guarantee to make boxing history for myself. My manager—Curley Landis—intends posting the necessary money for a championship match with Ballerino if the latter will accept."

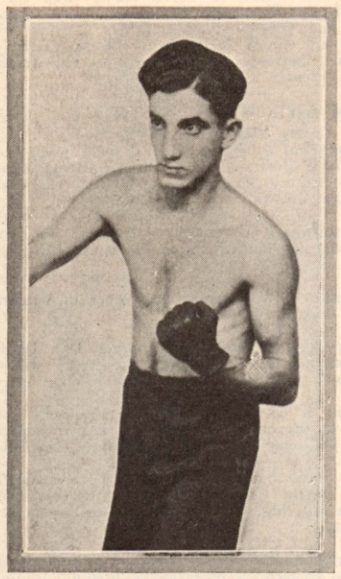
Wallace also intimated that he would be willing to fight Lew Paluso, Ace Hudkins or Sammy Mandell at 135 pounds, providing the Olympic club has secured any of the three.

Jack Root would like to introduce the eastern system of cutting out smoking at the boxing shows, but it is certain there would be a howl from the fans here.

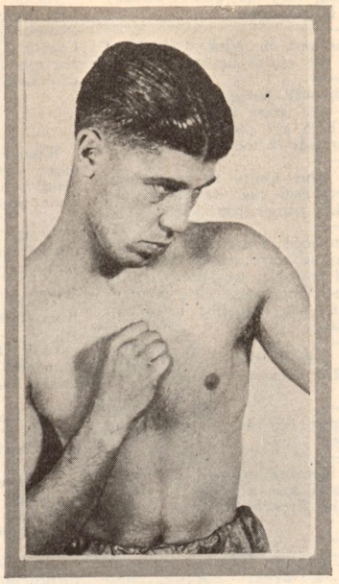
"I like to see the boys enjoy themselves in every way at the shows," said Mr. Root; "but there are so many ladies attending the shows nowadays that it seems too bad the men cannot cut out smoking for a couple of hours. We want to cater to the majority, of course, and will not do anything against the wishes of the people who patronize the sport. In the east, not all cities, but some of them, there is no smoking whatever and the fans seem to enjoy it all the more.

"We have the greatest ventilating system in the country and the air is changed every thirty seconds, but despite all this there is plenty of smoke in the building just the same. However, it is something that will adjust itself in time."

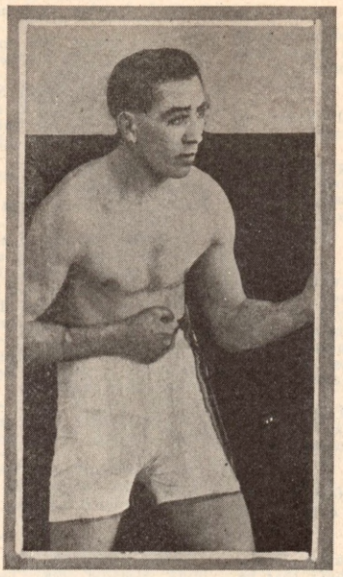
Jimmy Finley, the southern welterweight, is in Los Angeles and will make his initial appearance at the Legion show. Jimmy is a fine young man and comes of a fine family in Louisville. Reverses came to his family and during the past few years, Jimmy has been boxing to help his mother school his younger sisters. And besides doing all that Jimmy is a real honest to goodness fighter.



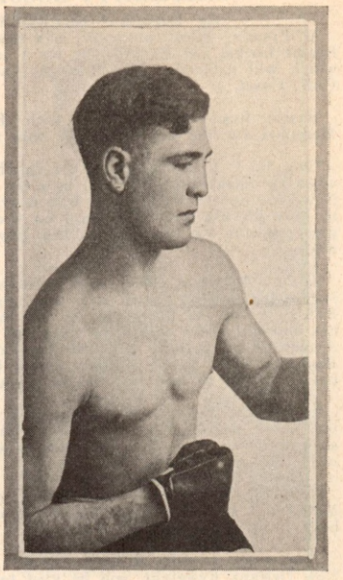
Ray Corbett, former Olympic entry from Philadelphia, who joined the professional ranks.



Harry Goldstein, recent graduate of the amateurs, one of leading flyweights in New England.



Lucien Vinez, lightweight champion of Europe, who arrived in this country last month.



Frankie Schoell, veteran Buffalo welterweight, now fighting brilliantly

By DON CEE

Boxing slowed up a bit in the Southwest with the closing of open air arenas. Most of the promoters have opened indoor clubs and have started off what looks to be a successful indoor season.

Houston is the latest Texas city to open to the glove sport. Promoter Jim Davlin has shown to a couple capacity houses, although he is handicapped by a small seating space.

Pancho Flores, stellar flyweight of San Antonio, Texas, will head the next Houston card as half the main attraction. Flores recently stopped Kid Glorio at Matamoras, Mexico, and is at this writing in Houston training for his coming showing before the K. C. Club of the Channel City.

Jack Dempsey graced the Alamo City with his appearance on September 25. He boxed three two-round exhibitions with his sparring mates for which trouble he received a flat guarantee of $5,000 and three round trip transportations from Los Angeles. San Antonio should be called the City of Angels, as there was a $1,500 loss on the Dempsey show. Part of this loss was stood by Jack Shelton, the promoter.

Page Lt. H. P. Killpack, the snappy little promoter of high class fiestas, who has never put over a losing boxing show in his Fort Sam Houston Boxing Arena.

It has been published in San Antonio papers, that Jack Shelton will endeavor to show his customers none other than Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh whirlwind, middleweight champion of the world.

Tommy White, the ex-"Texas City Bear Cat," lightweight and welterweight champion of the Southwest and Mexico, who now is the proud possessor of a beautiful new home in Houston, Texas, was offered the opportunity of making the journey to Australia for a series of bouts through his Eastern manager, Walk Miller. But a few days prior to receiving word from Walk Miller in New York, Tommy White's Western Representative, Don Curley, had closed for a series of fights in the Republic of Mexico for the fighting Texan and as Curley was unable to withdraw the Mexico contracts, White is obligated to fulfill three engagements in Mexico before he can journey to the Antipodes.

Jack League, the U. S. Army 8th Corps Area heavyweight champion, formerly under the management of Don Curley, has joined the ranks of Jack Dempsey as a sparring partner

Vecinte Aguilar, the popular middleweight boxer of Mexico, was a visitor in San Antonio for a few days the later part of October. Aguilar is a pleasing fighter, always giving satisfaction, as will be shown by his many appearances in North Texas arenas. Besides being a popular idol of boxing in his native land, Aguilar is also an industrial man. He owns a chewing gum factory in Torreon, Mexico, which employs fifty people. Aguilar's chicle is sold all over the Republic and exported to South America. The demand for his "Double Minte Chicle" far exceeds his production.

We are hpapy to see boxers invest their ring earnings in such business ventures.

Jack Matlock, the husky light heavyweight bone crusher of Wichita, Kansas, will shortly be showing his fistic wares in the Southwest and Mexico.

Chuck Burns, the husky young hard socking light-heavyweight of San Antonio, who recently stopped Jackie Clark and Pat Dalton in the Alamo City, is now in Tampico, Mexico, where he has been signed by manager Don Curley for a series of four long distance contests.

A most unusual piece of business occurred in the scheduled twelve-round boxing contest between Leo Palmero, late of Zacatecas, Mexico, now of San Antonio, Texas, and Bobby Higgins of New Orleans, at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. These two rattling good little featherweights were putting up a thrilling battle when in the fourth round, after Palmero had slammed Higgins a hard punch on the chin, Higgins started a nose dive toward the canvas. Instead of stepping back, Leo stepped into Higgins to sock him again, and in the course of the dive, Higgins head landed flush against the little Mexican's groin which momentarily paralyzed him and he dropped to the floor.

The game Mexican got up and continued the battle only to lose when he was dropped by a low punch which the referee said he did not see.

The following day of the contest, Deputy Boxing Commissioner W. G. Randolph and the commission club physician gave Manager Don Curley written statements to the fact that they had seen the foul blow which had floored Palmero and regretted the fact that the referee had counted him out, without letting the club physician examine the prostrate boy. Referee Rogers gave Palmero the fight up until the time he was fouled in the seventh round.

It is not this writer's intention to criticize any boxer or referee of the above mentioned contest, as we believe Walter Rogers to be extremly fair in his decision, although it was very regrettable that he did not see the foul blow, and extremely so that he did not give Palmero the benefit of an examination when he plainly appeared to be suffering from a foul blow.

Jack Avalon, the busy middleweight of San Antonio, won a sensational victory over Soldier Jack Fisher at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, on October 20, in the eight-round double windup. It was Avalon's fight from beginning to end. It seems he has improved wonderfully in the past year. Avalon, who is the brother of New York Joe Malone, the former trainer of Johnny Dundee, is at this writing in Fort Clark, Texas, where he is to box Big Soldier Tony on October 30. Tony is a light heavyweight. From Fort Clark Jack Avalon will be sent to Enid, Oklahoma, or Dallas, Texas, by Manager Don Curley.

Uncle Sam is again playing host to Rabbit Palmer, the little blond featherweight, formerly of Atlanta, Ga., San Antonio, Texas, and all points South and West. Rabbit, after an unsuccessful tour of Mexico was brought back to San Antonio from Tampico, Mexico, by Chuck Burns and through the finance and advice of a San Antonio manager, Rabbit was put back into good condition and matched in two bouts against Johnny Merino and Mercedes Montez, both of which he won with ease. He then broke with his manager and then decided it best to quit boxing and re-enlist in the Army. Rabbit is now Sergeant Palmer at Kelly Field, Texas, the U. S. Army flying field near San Antonio.

Dave Pollock, a young welterweight of Miami, Florida, is a visitor in San Antonio. He is looking for work around Texas and Oklahoma.

Mickey Brennan, Michigan's welterweight fighting Irishman, is another boy who will soon show his stuff in Southwestern and Mexico arenas. A deal is now on to send him into Tampico, Mexico, through the assistance of Don Curley of San Antonio. Curley is the North American booking agent for several Mexico promoters and all information on boxing in Mexico points can be gotten through him!

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Captain Cunningham, stationed at Fort McPherson, Ga., is the new matchmaker for the army fights. The Cap is taking the place of Major Keeley. In his debut he featured Battling Bud, veteran Atlanta welter and K. O. Moore, champion of the army. This show was a success. The boys put up a lively ten round mill with honors even.

Larry Avera is recuperating from an enforced rest period on account of a fractured jaw. The blond Irishman will soon get into harness again.

Lew Silver, hard socking dental student scrapper is doing light training for some future bouts that his manager Max Abelson is lining up for him. Silver will not be able to devote much of his time to ring work this year, due to the fact that he is now in his senior year in his dental studies.

Boots Antley, Columbus, Ga., southpaw is keeping busy these days. The Columbus lightweight has been working his way through Florida winning his fights regularly and fighting often. Hugh Martin manager of Antley is now doing the matchmaking in Miami, Fla., where Antley defeated Pedro Campi the tough Philippino lightweight and Artie McCann of Philadelphia.

Promoters in Tampa, Fla., are after Billy Duggan, Billy Lotz's young heavyweight to face either Marine Toliver or Joe Lohman at an early date.

Ed Alexander of Savannah, Ga., who handles one of the largest stables of fighters of anyone in the South, has a likely looking youngster in Pinkie May a bantamweight.

Dick White, Columbus, Ga., middleweight is another youngster that is making progress.

Hollis Sullivan, junior lightweight of Atlanta, is getting ready for some future bouts, Sullivan is being handled by Professor Evans, well known scholar of Atlanta, and the Prof. thinks that he has a great future in Hollis.

Pinkie May, claimant of the Southern bantamweight title scored a knockout over Tommy Diggs, Jacksonville bantam in the ninth round of a scheduled ten round bout.

Robert Frank Levine, famous real estate "Sheik" of Tampa, Fla., was a recent visitor in Atlanta. Robert arrived here in time to get hooked financially when he backed the Florida "Gators" against Ga. Tech in their annual football game. The rumor is that Robert was sent home C. O. D. when the Golden Tornado triumphed over the Florida University.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA NEWS

By J. D. BECK

Willie Davies of Charleroi scored a 10 round decision over Burly Black Bill of Panama in the semi-final of the opening show at the Arena at Philadelphia, October 1.

Well, boys, the world series is now over, of course, Pittsburgh won the championship after one of the greatest uphill battles in sport annals. But baseball was not the only sport that held major attention here. Motor Square Garden at Pittsburgh provided for the thousands of fans that were here for the series to spend their evenings by giving them two of the best cards ever offered at the Garden.

Nick Perlick, from McKeesport, scored a quick knockout over Bumbo Meyers from Canton, at McKeesport, October 1. This bout was Perlick's first professional bout and the quick manner in which he polished Meyers makes the writer believe that Perlick will go a long way among the heavyweights if properly handled and not rushed.

The second indoor show at Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, was held October 13 and featured none other than "our own" champion of the world among middleweights, Harry Greb. Tossed in with Harry we found one Tony Marullo from New Orleans. Well, boys, I will say this for Marullo. He took everything Greb tossed at him and came back for more.

Mickey Fedor, Donora, and Jack Barry, Pittsburgh, welters clashed in the 8 round semi-final. Barry copped the decision by his cleaner punching.

Sig Keppen the Beaver Falls lightweight is about as busy a boy as you will find among his weight. There is always a reason. Keppen will go in at the sound of the gong and fight, force, and do about all that you can expect from any boy in there doing his three minutes' work.

Eddie Weygant, New Castle's contender for fistic fame lost a close decision to Gaston Charles, the French feather at Erie recently.

There is trouble brewing between Motor Square Garden and Duquesne Garden at Pittsburgh. Duquesne Garden, after a lapse of 4 years of boxing, has decided to resume the sport that prevailed there for many years. But in doing so it seems that Red Mason, popular pilot of Champion Harry Greb, Cuddy De Marco and others will cast their lot with the new management at Duquesne Garden. And in doing so he will deprive Motor Square Garden of two principals, Greb and DeMarco who always pack 'em in whenever booked.

Tommy Madden, the East Liberty pilot, has a few good prospects in Frankie Moran, a featherweight and Dutch Chandler, a welter.

Add another notch to Nick Perlick's climb to fistic fame. Majestic Club at McKeesport staged a real treat in four bouts of the hardest slugging ever seen in this district on October 15. The final bout of the evening brought out Nick Perlick, newest sensation among the heavies against Bear Cat Bill Clemons from Huntington, W. Va. This bout marked Perlick's second professional go, and the way he lambasted Clemons for 10 rounds proves that Nick has the goods.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO
By JIM HENRICKS, JR.

Seven thousand fans crowded into the Armory to witness the Shea Bros. show of September 30, in which Joe Packo, of Toledo, defeated Mike Wallace, Cleveland light-heavy, in twelve slashing rounds. Wallace, however, showed lots of class, and made many friends here by his clean ring tactics.

Tommy Ryan, of Toledo, shaded Red McDonald, also of Toledo, in the semi-final of ten rounds which were filled with action. Red carried a much heavier punch than his opponent, but Ryan was the aggressor throughout.

Larry Posen, of Toledo, lost on a questionable foul to Harry Henderson, also of Toledo, in the third round of a scheduled eight round preliminary. Jim Kelly, of Toledo, and Tommy Warren, of Lima, slugged their way to a draw in the six round curtain raiser.

Promoter Ad. Thacher drew his largest crowd of the season on October 7th when he featured two local welters, Don Boyer and Tommy Milton. Boyer although a favorite, just shaded his rival. Milton showed up well.

Young Les Darcy, of Detroit, handed Johnny Papke, of Cleveland, an artistic lacing in the eight round semi-final. Bobby Rendely, of Toledo, was disqualified in the second round of a scheduled eight round bout with Eddie Myers, of Detroit.

Paul Dusick, of Youngstown, stopped Sailor Grant, of Lima, in the sixth round of another preliminary and Jack Kellar outpointed Joe Cutler in the curtain raiser.

Joe Packo, Toledo's busy light heavyweight, journeyed to Indianapolis where he won decisively from Eddie Welsh, of South Bend, in ten rounds of hard fighting on October 12.

The Shea Bros. show of October 14, which marked their twelfth anniversary as successful boxing promoters, was staged with great pomp and ceremony. Let Philbin, Toledo welter, assayed a comeback from his recent defeat at the hands of Don Boyer, but was again hopelessly beaten, this time by Tommy Freeman, of Hot Springs, now hailing from Cleveland, Ohio. Philbin has lately been under the tutelage of Johnny Kilbane and showed some improvement over his last appearance here.

Red McDonald, of Toledo, shaded Sammy Marsico, of Fremont, in the eight round semi-final. Larry Posen, Toledo's hard socking young middleweight, won all the way in a six round bout with Franky Pence, of Dayton. Posen hit Pence almost at will, the latter saving himself from a knockout by hanging on in the clinches. Sammy Lupica, of Toledo, stopped George Shirey, of Canton, in the second round of a scheduled six round bout and Franky Van boxed six rounds to a draw with Carl Cavelli in the curtain raiser.

Ad Thacher has withdrawn from the fight promoting game here because of other business interests. Joe Dailey, who is well known in this section of the country as a manager and handler of boxers, will succeed Mr. Thacher as manager of the Toledo A. C. and has also taken over the franchise to promote boxing shows.

Harry E. Kern Post, of The American Legion, has also applied for a permit to alternate with the other two clubs here in staging boxing shows. The boxing commission are expected to act either for or against the Legionaires at their next meeting.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES
By DUKE BARRY

Never in the history of the State of Georgia, has boxing been in such a healthy condition. Practically every city of importance throughout the state, is erecting a stadium, or enlarging present quarters.

At present writing Miami heads the list. Matchmaker Ed Douglass of the Biscayne A. C., of that city, who is now promoting his shows at Miami field, the Magic City's excellent ball park, was forced to remove from his famous stadium, due to the rapid growth of the section wherein it was located and the freight embargo which recently hit Miami. Apparently, the move though forced, favored the astute matchmaker, for the throngs are ever increasing at his two shows per week.

Douglass is trying to obtain a match for Miami between Young Stribling and "Punch 'em Paul" Berlenback or Mike McTigue.

A contest between Stribling and a high class opponent would undoubtedly break all gate records in the south.

At West Palm Beach, Phil Pritchard the matchmaker of the American Legion post of that famous resort, swung into action on Armistice day with a bang-up program. Like the Miami promoter, Pritchard intends to stage two shows per week. The arena at West Palm Beach, one of the best in the state, will, if present plans are not altered, be torn down and the shows will be staged at the ball park of that city.

Jacksonville, long a misused boxing center, is enjoying the best attendances ever recorded in the gateway-city. "Fearless Ferns," long considered one of the best boxers of his weight in Dixie, is at the helm of the shows in Jacksonville.

Morris Miner, the promoter of Daytona Beach, has interested the fans in his city to such an extent, that the business men of the thriving burg are erecting one of the largest stadiums in Florida. Previously, Daytona Beach, was another bloomer spot for the knuckle whirlers, but things have changed considerably and at present, the average gates are four and five times greater than last season.

On the west coast, at Tampa, another vast stadium is being built by the 116th Field Artillery. Popular subscriptions to the amount of $15,000, has made this possible. The soldier outfit has engaged Jim Downing, formerly of the Ohio Valley A. C., at Martin's Ferry, across the river from Wheeling, W. Va., as the gentleman to pilot the club into big time money.

St. Petersburg, A. B. Conners of the American Legion, has kept his outfit going the year around. This gentleman took the outfit in poor condition and has built up his patronage to a high state of perfection.

Orlando is another city that will evidently climb into big time company. At present Jimmy Mason is handling the affairs there and he is striving to his utmost to build up the game. Gradually, he is doing this and it will not be long before the many high class boxers will be seeking engagements there. Incidentally, Mason has in tow Garner Johns, one of the south's best flyweights to assist him in building up the game, as Johns is a popular and hard fighting fellow to feature occasionally.

Quite a galaxy of the brethern connected with the game arrived in Miami recently. Some remained while others were visitors. Bob Uricho, Jr., of Cincinnati; Phil Gaffeny of New Orleans; Joe O'Neil of San Antonio: Harold Perdue of Huntington, W. Va.; Bell Holiday of Dallas, "Pa" Stribling, nationally known daddy of W. L., Charley and Marty Cutler of Chicago, along with Doc Kroone, are remaining. These gentlemen are managers and promoters.

The klan of knuckle dusters including Jeff Smith, famous the world over, Jack Britton, who is connected in business at Hollywood, Charley Pitts, another globe trotter. Mickey Gill of California, Freddy Williams of Boston, Joe Marks, Danny Black and Tommy Herman of Philadelphia. Johnny Flynn of Chattanooga. Teddy Leonard of Atlantic City. Fred Mace of New Jersey, Red Fitzsimmons of California, Tommy "Kid" Williams of Charleston, S. C., Henry Godale of Cleveland, Joey Epstein of Baltimore, Mickey O'Dowd of Muncie, Ind., Jimmy Murray of Atlantic City, Barney Adair of New York, are a few who are keen for engagements.

To referee two shows per week, handling boxers of various abilities and in a very satisfactory manner is no mean task. But, Harry Graham, known throughout the west and most favorably in Pittsburgh, has proven to be the man of the hour. Graham has been making Miami his home for several years, and has been the official referee in his adopted city.

"From rags to riches," would be an appropriate title for Eddie Maguire's career in Miami. For a year and a half, Maguire, formerly of Atlantic City, has been endeavoring to break into the game here. Through the efforts of the writer, Maguire finally was made a referee. Then came the break between Pedro Campo, the Filipino of Philadelphia, and his manager Anthony Corrado, also of the Quaker City. Maguire secured Campo, one of the best attractions in the south and the result is, Maguire does not have to purchase a ducket to witness the various shows as heretofore.

Jack Middleton, long recognized as one of the leading light heavyweights in the south, renewed training and fought Fred Mace at Daytona Beach. The effect of the showing of Middleton, who took the bout previously to a serious illness of a very near friend, who is lying at the point of death, was noticeable. Middleton undoubtedly could not focus his mind on the battling properly.

Bogie Saab, so-called Berlenbach of the South, has been "sold" to Frank Gardiner of Miami. Gardiner is at the head of the winter baseball league which numbers practically every big leaguer of importance. Tommy McDuff of Indianapolis, has the training of Bogie and his efforts were startling on Saab's last time out. Bogie is boxing fully five hundred per cent better than previously.

Garner Johns, the highly touted flyweight of Tampa, and who was always introduced as the champion of his weight of the south, received a serious jolt to his career recently when Mickey Gill, classy 112 pounder of California, battered him from post to post. Gill is a riot in Miami now through his victory.

George Braun of Miami, hustling manager of Artie McCann, lightweight of Philadelphia; Charley Pittman of Macon, junior lightweight; Happy Henry of Tampa, and other well known mitt flingers, is craving for a shot for Henry with Bogie Saab. The efforts of Braun will eventually materialize, for such a meeting between the twain would be interesting.

Joe Lohman of Toledo, and an opponent yet to be named at this writing, will feature the opening of the new stadium at Tampa, is the announcement of Jim Downing, the matchmaker of the 116th Field Artillery of that city.

Jimmy Gory, hard fighting welterweight of Chicago, has arrived in Miami and is featured for an early start.

While Ed Douglass of Miami has been galloping around the country, his place has been admirably filled by Hugh Martin, popular manager of Columbus, Ga.

Mickey Walker, welterweight champion, is expected in Miami for recreation and rest. Walker is not expected to participate in any encounters.

"Apples" Applegren of Miami, is a hustling bimbo. "Apples" is guiding Fred Mace, light heavyweight, and is keeping the lawyer-boxer busy.

Willie Scott, welter of Pittsburg, is training hard for future bouts. Same can be said of Mickey Forkins of Chicago, Joe Cook of New Orleans, and other leather tossers. Miami is chocked full of classy ringsters at present.

MILWAUKEE NEWS
By FRED SADDY

Ray Miller and Joey Sangor, a pair of fighting featherweights ushered in the fall season here October 12. The boys fought a hard ten round battle. Miller winning the unanimous newspaper verdicts. In the semi-final Rusty Jones of St. Paul shaded Bennie Berris of Chicago. Russ Pierce carted away the decision in the opener from Charlie Webber, while Joe Jawson had a slight edge over Dick Conlon in the second bout.

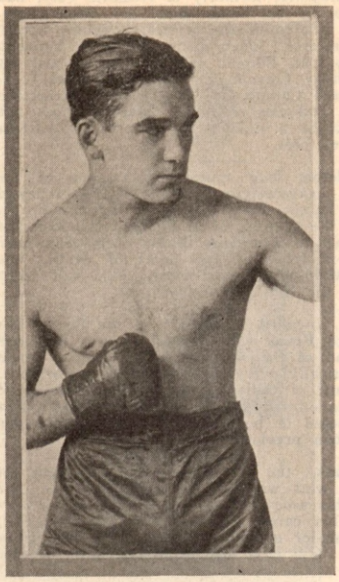
Ill luck seems to be on the trail of Harry Kahn, local lightweight sensation. Harry was scheduled to box Sammy Mandell here October 29, but the Rockford flash injured his hand while training for the bout. The match will probably be staged at a later date.

Joe Jawson and Billy Petrolle boxed ten fast rounds to a draw at LaCrosse, Wis., October 29. The bout was fast and furious throughout. In the opener, Eddie Johnson shaded Paul Liberty. In the second bout Johnny Michaels defeated Eddie Mason and Donnie Dean of St. Paul won over Wallie McElwain of Eau Claire.

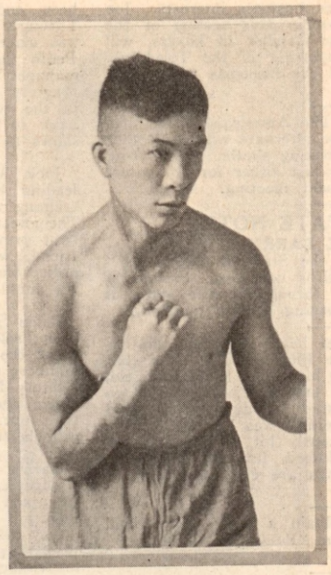
Oshkosh, Wis., the home of Eddie McGoorty, boasts of a good featherweight in Battling Herb. This youngster is a pleasing little battler, and his popularity has helped to increase the attendance at shows in and around his home town.

Joe Azzarella, Hy Lebo's Italian lightweight defeated Denny Doherty of Chicago in ten rounds at Appleton on October 29. Doherty was on the verge of a knockout in the sixth round, but the game Irishman weathered the storm and lasted the limit. Jack Zwick and Al Russell fought a six round draw that was marred by much holding, Zwick being the chief offender. In the other bouts Billy LaMont and Walter Wise battled to a draw and Earl Rodgers outpointed Bill Mattox in the opener.

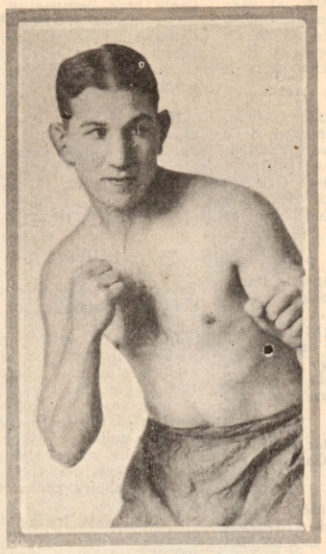
Russell Pierce, an old fashioned lightweight from Los Angeles is making Milwaukee his home at present. He claims to be the tallest lightweight in the business, being six feet tall and weighing 132 pounds.



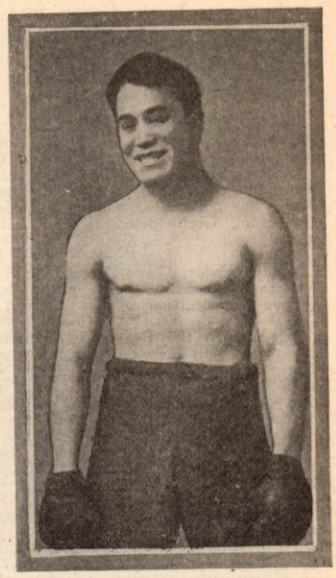
Johnny Breslin, New York's hope as the next world's flyweight champion.



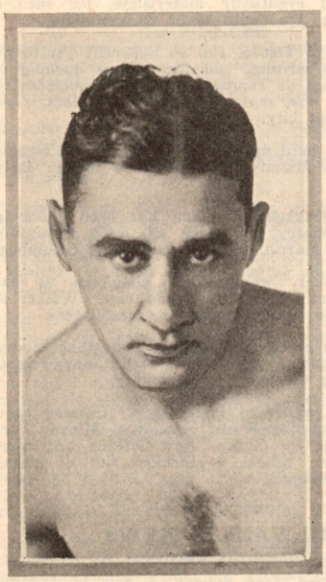
Hip Sing Lee, Oriental bantamweight, who was brought East by Leo P. Flynn



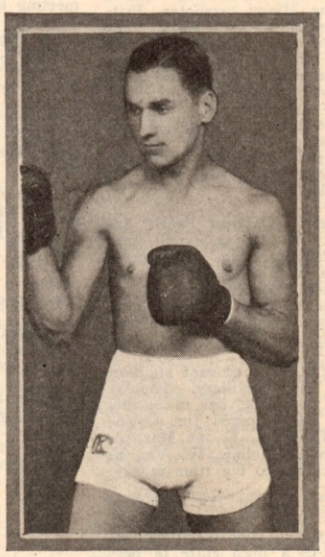
Meyer Cohen, formerly Kid Carson, Holyoke welterweight



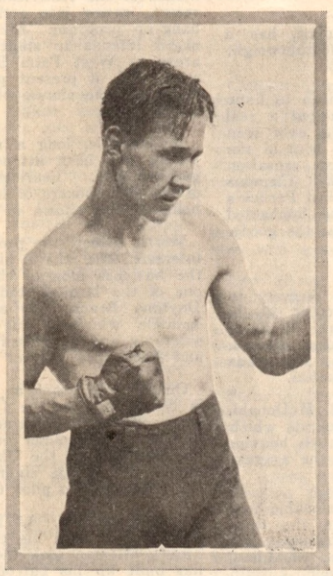
Augusto Rodola, recognized bantam champion of Italy



Johnny Rocco, aggresive New Rochelle lightweight, a newcomer who shows great promise

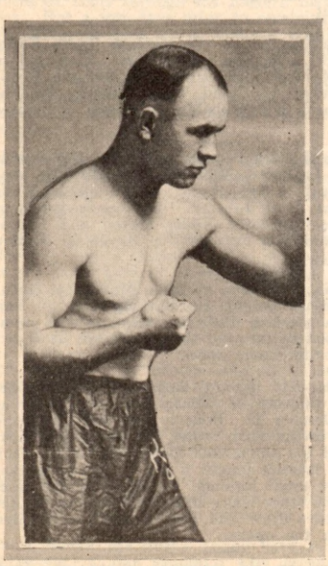


Steve (Kid) Carmack, Akron, O., lightweight with a knockout wallop

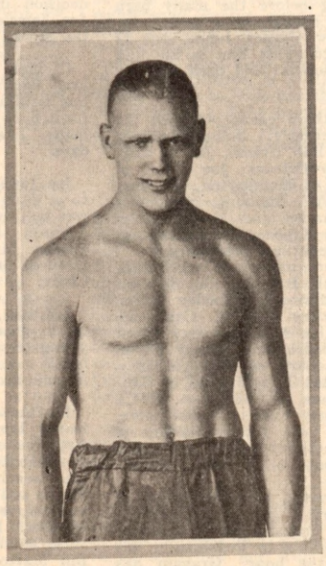


Johnny Urban, younger brother of Jack Burke, of Pittsburgh

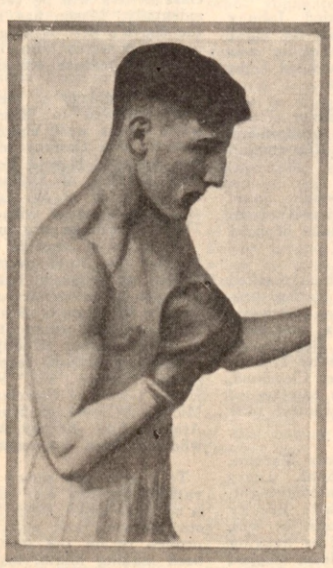
Jimmy McLarnin, coast bantam, (top) and Bud Taylor



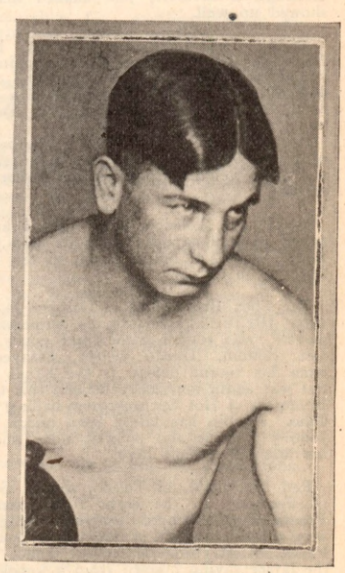
Boots Smith, Charleston, S. C., featherweight of promise



Jack De Mave, New York heavy, who has beaten Bob Lawson and Sully Montgomery.



Joe Dundee, junior-welterweight of Baltimore, rated among topnotchers



Tony Mandell, the "Worcester Fire-cracker," one of the best bantams in Massachusetts

CONNECTICUT GOSSIP

By Roy Loveridge

There were three knockouts on Matchmaker Paolillo's Nutmeg card at New Haven. Tony Travers knocked out Sailor Johnny Darcy; his brother, Mickey Travers, stopped Larry Roach of Newark and Murray Gitlitz, former Yale boxer, won on a technical knockout over Georgie Connolly of New Haven.

Pete August, Bridgeport lightweight, knocked out Cirilin Olana, Cuban junior lightweight champion, in the seventh round of a ten-round bout at Albany on the 21st.

Steve Smith lost the decision to Tommy O'Toole at New Bedford. Smith's manager, Lew Anger, claims that his boy was robbed of the verdict.

Eddie Mack of Stamford, former holder of the bantamweight title of Connecticut, has quit the boxing game. He has opened up a restaurant in Stamford. During Mack's sixty-eight ring battles he has only lost three decisions.

Joe Smith has taken over Pal Reed, middleweight, and had him boxing at New London where he lost the decision to Jack Stone of New York in the ten-round feature event. Many at the ringside thought that Reed won by a shade. Johnny Saxon knocked out Soldier Byron, Willie Mack and Joe Kink went six rounds and Phil Jackson knocked out Henry Hicks of New London.

Pee Wee Smith of Omaha, Nebraska, is in the East and is making his home at Bridgeport. Smith holds the flyweight championship of Nebraska. Smith has boxed such good boys as Frankie Murray, Willie Cunningham, Bad News Taylor, Clarke Anderson and many others.

The Webster Hose H. & L. No. 3 of Ansonia staged one of the best boxing cards that has been held in some time at Ansonia. Every boy on the card was a well known boxer.

Matchmaker George Commerford and his assistants, Messrs. Ennis and Dobbins, deserve a great deal of praise for the able manner in which they have conducted their last two shows.

The card opened with Rex Bell, colored lightweight of Ansonia, and Ernie Perry, popular Bridgeport lightweight, fighting a six-round draw.

Pincus Silverberg of Ansonia was crowned State flyweight champion when he outpointed Young Coulon of Taftville in ten rounds. Louis ("Kid") Kaplan, world's featherweight champion, was in Coulon's corner.

Scotty Horborough lost the decision to Happy Rollinson in another ten rounder. Happy did not show any ill effects of his previous knockout in one round by Young Coulon as he appeared faster than he ever was.

Pal Reed, Joe Smith's new middleweight, substituted for Louis Bogash, who failed to put in an appearance at the Commonwealth Club of New York and lost the decision to Sunny Jim Williams of California.

The Business Men's Gymnasium, located at 117 Middle Street, Bridgeport, is open to the public.

Most of the leading boxers in the state took part and will train at the new gymnasium. Boxers in the East are invited to make the gymnasium their headquarters as it is situated in the heart of the business section of Bridgeport and only two minutes walk from the station. The gym is under the direction of Roy Loveridge, Len Myers and Ernie Lockshire.

Nick Petitte, at one time one of the leading featherweights in this section, who has fought the best, including Tony Travers, Terrence O'Moore and others, intends to make a comeback. He has changed his fighting name to Johnny Peters.

Sheik Leonard and Tommy Dunn fought a ten-round draw at Stamford.

Murray Gitlitz was awarded the referee's decision over Phil Mercurio of New Rochelle and Clyde Jones of Staten Island lost the decision to Steve Culver of Bridgeport. Marty Huber of Stamford and Kid Lasky of Bridgeport slugged for four rounds until both were all in. Huber, having the most endurance, finally won on a technical knockout.

Steve Smith won on a knockout over Johnny Dixon of Newark, N. J., at New London. Johnny Peters, formerly Nick Petitte, making his comeback under his new name, easily scored a kayo over Young Levinsky of the Coast Guard at New London.

BOXING NEWS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Ivy (Jack) Eshelman, Harrisburg's slugging middleweight, and Vincent Lopez of Philadelphia, met for the fourth time at the Arena Club, Philadelphia, last month, and Ivy kissed the canvas in the third round after stopping a fast right hook on the whiskers. Ivy took two counts before remaining on the resin for the fatal ten.

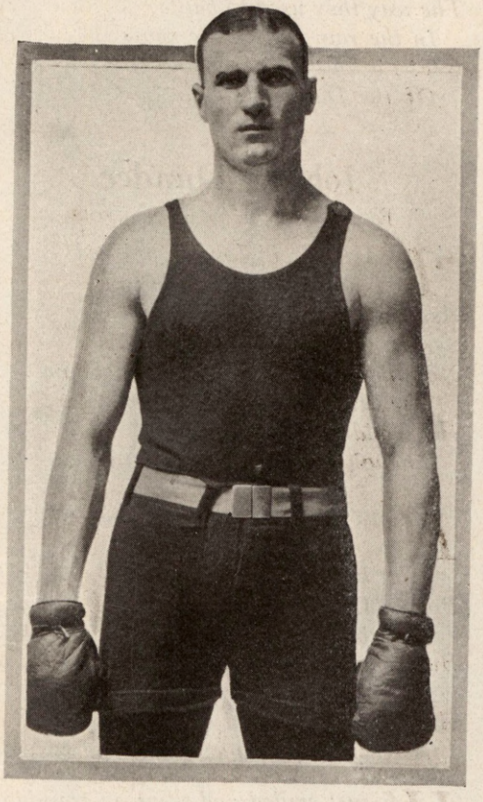
Davey Frey, York bantamweight won a six round verdict over Chick Neiderman of Philadelphia at the Cambria Club Philadelphia, last month. Frey has been going like a house afire of late.

Ralph Repman, of York outslugged Jackie West of Philadelphia in the ten round windup at Harrisburg, Oct. 5th.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, K. O. Leonard of Philadelphia battered Willie Parrish of Baltimore from one side of the ring to the other, hit him whenever he wished, and floored him eight times for a count but could not finish him.

Bobby Burke, flyweight contender of Reading and Davey Aldeman of Philadelphia battled to a draw in the windup of a show held at Reading, Oct. 5th, Burke's aggressiveness in the late rounds earned him an even break.

Ray Gibbons, of Reading dropped the decision to George Siddons of Philadelphia in the semi-final of eight rounds. This was the first decision Gibbons has lost in the past year and a half.



Sergeant Jack Adams, of Scott Field, latest Western heavyweight sensation who knocked out Fred Fulton and then gained the decision over Hugh Walker, of Kansas City. Scott, a product of the Army, has received considerable praise from fight experts in the Middle West. He has a promising future.

Indian Russell, of Harrisburg dropped the judges' decision to "Pee Wee" Ross of Camden, in a six round fight at Atlantic City last month. They are flyweights.

Frankie Zimmerman of Lebanon looks like a good bet in the middleweight class. Frankie carries a K. O. kick in either hand. I almost forgot to mention that Frankie is quite a dancer, but doesn't let dancing interfere with his training.

Every morning at six o'clock you find Carl "Battling" Seigrist of Lebanon out on the road doing his stuff. "Seeke" hasn't told us when he expects to stage his comeback.

Len Brenner, bantamweight of Lancaster was stopped in the third round by Andy Martin of Boston, in a scheduled ten round fight at Lancaster last month. The third round seems to be sort of a jinx with Len. He was stopped in the third round by Wilbur Cohen of New York at Atlantic City, just one week before.

"Ignatz" Hartman of Lebanon says he is willing to meet any middleweight in the country. "Ignatz" doesn't say if these meetings are to be in the ring though. "Ignatz" is at the present time under the watchful eye of Mickey Fegan.

Battling Willard of Lancaster was stopped in the sixth round by Nate Goldman of Philadlephia at Atlantic City on Oct. 26th. A hard right to the stomach ended the fuss.

MINNESOTA NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

If you want to see action, go to Bud Taylor's gym on any Tuesday night. Every fight is a corker. The Simon Pures put up more action than most of the professionals.

Jack Reddy, matchmaker for the Minneapolis half of the Twin Cities Athletic Club is planning on Joey Sangor of Milwaukee and Pete Sarmiento of the Philippines for his next show. Last year these two little fellows put up a wonderful fight in Minneapolis and both are popular there.

St. Paul got off to a good start for the season featuring Jock Malone, a St. Paul boy and Tiger Flowers of Atlanta. It was a wonderful exhibition of boxing on Flowers' part who won easily, but Jock kept trying all of the time.

Al Van Ryan, St. Paul welterweight shaded Mark Judge in the semi-windup. At the last Minneapolis show Judge beat Dago Joe Gans and more was expected of him against Van Ryan who spotted Judge ten pounds. Although Van Ryan won over Judge we have seen him fight better fights before even when overweighed. It was an ordinary bout.

Jackie Conway, Minneapolis and Billy Schauers, St. Paul put up a fine fight in a special six rounder. At the end of the fifth Billy was ahead a little by superior boxing, but in the last round Conway got over a hard right to the chin which dazed Schauers. Jack was quick to take advantage of this and for a minute he showered Billy with rights and lefts and Billy just barely finished out the round. Conway's whirlwind finish earned him a draw.

Ernie Fliegel of Minneapolis knocked out Eddie Rogan also of Minneapolis in the second round. Fliegel who recently returned from California outboxed Rogan at every stage of the game and the result was expected soon after they started to fight.

Jack McCann, a most promising young light heavyweight, fighting his first professional bout beat Len Rowlands in the four round opener. Len Rowlands was fighting fifteen years ago around Milwaukee and had nothing but his old head, but that was enough to carry him along for four rounds.

Billy Fawcett, Twin Cities promoter popped a new one when he presented Jock Malone with a check for $1,000 after the show because Jock refused to accept the fight on a foul. Flowers fouled Malone early in the fight and after a short rest resumed fighting. When Flowers fouled Malone again referee George Barton offered the fight to Malone on a foul but Malone took another short rest and finished the fight.

St. Paul and Minneapolis have a number of good amateurs. Among those that look good are Mickey Andert, Wildcat Eddie Mason, Jackie Cameron, Red Corbett, King Tut, Lew Kesler, Red Wilson, and Connie Gross. Billy Fawcett is going to help these boys develop into talent for his future professional shows.

Nick Olivia is the busiest boxer in Minnesota. He had five fights in three weeks and had to cancel three other engagements owing to a broken bone in his nose. After a layoff of about eight weeks to have a piece of bone removed he will resume.

Chuck Lambert is going good. He defeated Chris Hoff at Eau Claire, knocking him out in the tenth round and has been matched to box Al Kubiak there for Matchmaker Dave Quinn's next show.

Johnny Salvatore has a sweet young lightweight in Rusty Jones. Rusty has boxed Joe Jawson and Benny Berris at Milwaukee and looked so good in both bouts that he will meet some good boy in promoter Frank Mulkern's next show. Jones has class to burn and should be in the top ranks before long.

Stewart McLean and Harry La Barre, two St. Paul boys who are now on the Pacific Coast are going great. Recently Stewart knocked out Mike Seigel in the seventh round at Oakland. Stewart is one of the hardest hitters of the boys his weight and has won over some of the best feathers on the Pacific slope. La Barre is also winning consistently.

Jack Hurley of Fargo has a fine stable in Earl Blue, middleweight; and Russie Le Roy and Billy Petrolle, lightweights. Billy looks like the best boy of the three. He recently beat Red Cap Wilson at Fargo, and is scheduled to fight Joe Jawson of Milwaukee at La Crosse.

Stewart McLean's kid brother Donnie Dean is getting back in the game again and will meet Wallie McElwaine of Eau Claire at La Crosse. Donnie is one of the prettiest boxers and also one of the hardest punchers among the young fellows hereabouts.

Buddy MacDonald is matched to fight Eddie Welch of South Bend at Milwaukee. MacDonald, the best welterweight in Minnesota should make a hit, in this bout he has a chance to introduce himself in new fields. He is after a match with Johnny Mendelsohn,

Pugilistic Rhyme

The Modern Version

By Grantland Rice

(*In the New York Herald-Tribune*)
(*As Thomas Babington Macaulay would have to revise Horatius for* 1925):

THEN out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man in any game
The end comes soon or late;
Yet I will hold this bally bridge
And make the sacrifice,
Provided some promoter, kid,
Will only meet my price.

"HEW down the bridge, oldtimer,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two saps to help me,
Will give these guys a play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three;
Now, who will stand on either hand
And hold the bridge with me?"

THEN out spake Spurius Lartius
Across the hills and hollers:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand
For ninety thousand dollars."
And out spake strong Herminius,
All ready for his stint:
"I will abide on thy left side
For half the Roman mint!"

FOR then a blinking martyr,
Although a well known scion,
Paid out his own expenses
For taking on a lion;
And Spartacus, in cleaning up,
Spurned any thought of gold.
But things are somewhat different now
From the brave days of old.

In the Days of Long Ago

By Dennis McLaughlin

DID you ever stop to think about
The days of long ago?
The way they used to battle
In the rain and in the snow?
And the purses they received,
Were very, very small,
The old timers fought for
Hardly anything at all.
I can't forget a battle,
I saw one afternoon
Between two old time lightweights
In the merry month of June.
Their names I will not mention
But the way that I explain,
Will give all a line on them
So try and guess their names.

ONE they called the Terrible Dane
The other he was Black;
So put on your thinking cap
And try and bring them back.
They fought in Goldfield, Nev.,
The years have passed since then.
It ended in the forty-first,
Do you remember them?
So now that you remember
Bat Nelson and Joe Gans,
You know if they were here today,
They sure would draw the fans,
The way they used to battle
In the rain and in the snow,
Gee! I'd love to see the old boys
Of the Days of Long Ago!

Johnny Dundee

By John Francis Sanford

"I GUESS old John is finished!"
I heard the fight fan say,
As he folded up his dollars
And placed them safely away,
Nothing on earth could convince him
The little Scotch Wop wasn't done.
He couldn't even see him,
Though they offered three to one.

HAVE you seen this Young Sid
Terris?
That kid's a fighting flash!
Poor old John has my sympathy!
He'll be cut into cornbeef hash."
But John only smiled when they told him
This fight would be his last.
And he never heeded a single bit
As each crape hanger came and passed.

HE just smiled and went on training.
Never seeming to give up hope
As he went on the road in the morning,
And at noon he skipped the rope.
Then came the eventful evening.
After this fight was o'er
The gong would be still forever,
The old Garden would be no more.

AND, did he give the kid a tussle!
Sid knew he was in a fight.
They could have called it either way
And still be right that night.
Never mind the judges' decision, John,
For every fan is a referee,
And in their hearts they all gave you
A moral victory.

A "Green" Lament

By Charles Simmons

THERE'S a weeping and a wailing
from the boys on Erin's shore,
And there comes a moaning and a
groaning like I never heard before;
A howling and a yowling, loud shrieks
and wails and cries,
St. Pat is sad and gloomy and his sons
are heaving sighs,
The song they sing is sad and tearful,
for this is what they say:
"Bring back to the land of Erin her old
glories long passed away
When St. Pat and all his henchmen, ruled
the ring with iron hand
And the McDuffys and McGuffys fought
and won in every land.

NOW, the Cohens and the Isensteins,
are ruling far and wide
And the Micks are in the back seats, and
are pushed off to the side;
Take away these Moes and Abies; pack
them far across the sea
And try and find some Irish lads, like
O'Flynn, O'Hearn or McGee
We want to see the ringposts draped in
green with harp of gold—
Why can't we grow some Irish lads, like
they did in days of old?
We shake our heads and ponder, as we
grow old and gray
And bemoan the Irish fighters, who have
long since passed away.

The Ring

By Robert Hayward

Ye trusted men of the "Padded Ring"
Warriors brave and bold;
True to the game of fighting clean,
Gems more precious than gold.

Defeats perhaps ye all have met,
But still with stoutened heart,
Ye lift the banner 'top the mast,
And triumph from the start.

A game unsoiled, to-day it reigns,
Atop the sporting page;
A manly group of clean-cut men,
Who, for honors, battles wage.

So hark ye! men of the gloves and ropes,
Ne'er let the banner trail;
When years go by, fond memories,
With fervor, ye will hail.

And children in the years to come,
Your praise will proudly sing;
And they in turn will carry on,
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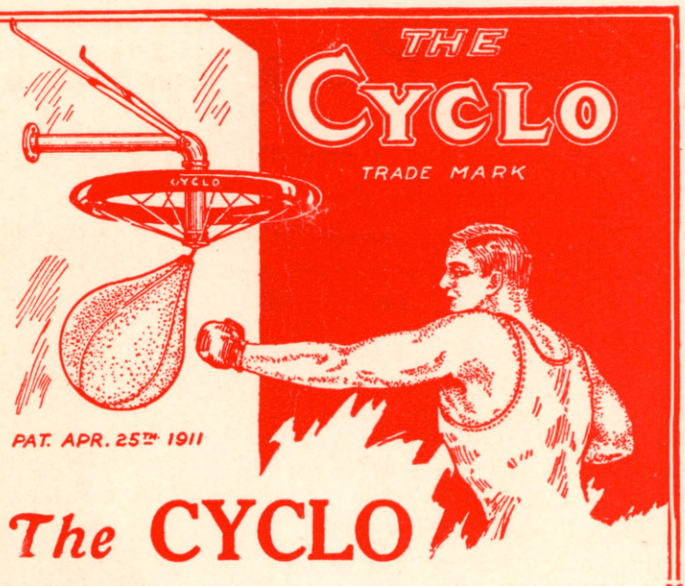

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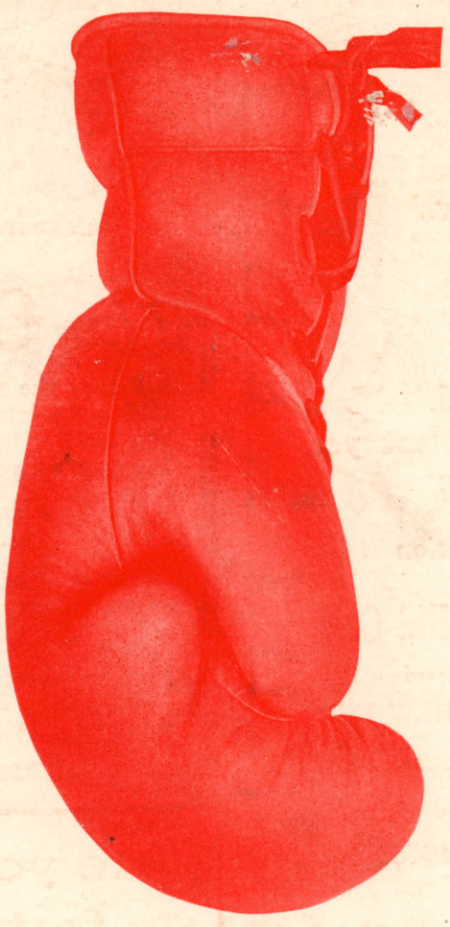

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